Our Free War Insurance Scheme is now on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 519 | SATURDAY MAY 13, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A
For meaning of this number see page 19.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to herself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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Official Poster.

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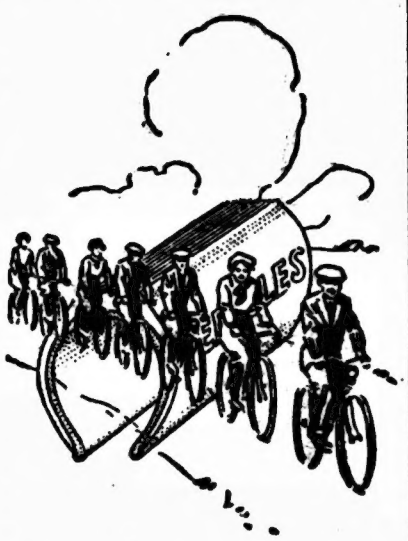

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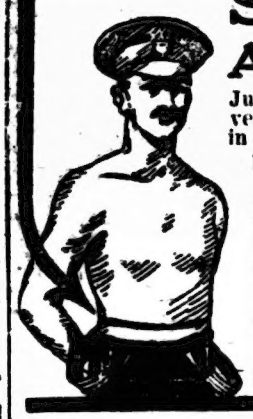

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JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 519. Week ending Saturday, May 13th, 1916. One Penny

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

A Cornish Tour.

By the time these lines are read we shall have completed a tour through the principal Cornish towns, commencing at Penzance and embracing Truro, Camborne and Newquay—taking Ilfracombe and Minehead on the way back. What a fine opportunity these long railway journeys give us for quiet work. We thank Heaven that even the luxurious Cornish Riviera Express draws the line at the telephone!

"Dry" Talk.

Travelling to Herne Bay the other day to address a meeting there, we ordered a lunch basket at Holborn Viaduct station, but were told that no "intoxicating liquor" could be supplied with the lunch—although it was well after noon. In vain we pleaded with the Lady of the Bar that we hadn't the faintest desire to become "intoxicated"; she was adamant. So we took our dry hamper—and got a pint of the best a few miles down the line! We hope this fact did not retard the production of munitions; it certainly improved *our* output!.

That Million!

In January Mr. Balfour told us that 6,000,000 men had voluntarily enlisted in the Navy and the Army. In May Mr. Asquith puts it at 5,000,000. Bad bit of addition somewhere.

Another Discrepancy.

And whilst Mr. Birrell, in his sloppy farewell speech, said there had been "no street fighting," General Maxwell was issuing an Order thanking the troops for their "splendid behaviour during the street fighting." But, then, who bothers about Birrell?

A Rumour.

We beg to ask whether on Easter Sunday a message was sent from Dublin Castle to the Irish Office in London, warning it of the coming revolt, and asking whether steps should be taken to disarm the rebels—and, if so, what reply was sent?

Showing the Way.

We observe that the Bishop of London, in addressing a recent meeting in connection with the National Mission of Repentance and Hope, stated that "he had discovered in the North of England some people had the idea that the whole Mission had really been started by Mr. Bottomley; that it was his articles—which he ventured to say not many of the Bishops read—that had showed the Bishops and Archbishops that they must do something." Evidently Dr. Ingram reads us—at any rate.

"Don't Waste——"

Huge flaming posters tell people not to waste!

Misguided Zeal.

"My zeal for the welfare of England is the passion of my life." Thus spake Lord Salisbury in 1890. And so he swopped Heligoland with Germany—for Zanzibar!

Our Birthday.

In our issue for the week ending June 10th, we shall celebrate our tenth birthday—when we shall give some account of the work accomplished by the journal and of *our* early journalistic experiences.

The "Palace of Peace."

One of the pre-war jokes was the building of the Palace of Peace at The Hague. Is it the fact that the British Government is still contributing to the upkeep of this international menagerie?

A Good Joke.

When the tender Mr. Tennant was asked in the House to give our prisoners the same amount of rations as the Germans dole out to theirs, he retorted that to do so would be "adopting a policy of reprisals"! *What* a good joke!

Down the Pole.

Our attention is called to a recent map plan of the Shackleton Expedition, which shows a portion of the Antarctic region to be named "Kaiser Wilhelm II. Land." It is time that blot upon the South Pole were removed.

Exchange No Robbery.

We learn on very good authority that the War Office recently issued an Order transferring a battalion of Yeomanry, after eighteen months' training, to the Infantry—and another Order, in practically the same district, transferring an Infantry regiment to the Yeomanry. Still, we suppose we shall muddle through, somehow!

Kut the Cackle.

A correspondent sends us an Exchange Telegraph machine slip, as it appeared in the various clubs and newspaper offices, containing the announcement of the surrender of Kut, immediately followed by two other items—"The Prime Minister left Downing Street to spend the week-end in the country," and "Mr. Lloyd George also left town." Pity they hadn't gone earlier!

Busy Settling Days.

Our Insurance staff, almost immediately on their return from Lowestoft, where they had been paying numerous claims under our free scheme, arising from the bombardment, have gone to the North-East coast to settle with readers in respect of damage caused by the recent Zeppelin raid. Altogether, nearly 450 claims have been paid. Are *you* covered in the event of catastrophe? If not, fill up the coupons on page iii of cover.

Lest you forget—See page iii of cover.

Discovered.

The Archdeacon of Surrey declares that "the chaplain in khaki often seems to be a new kind of parson altogether; more human and friendly." Now if only Mr. Asquith would extend his Compulsion Bill to *all* men of military age—well, consider what a lot of friendly, human stuff we might find in the priests and the curates!

A Near Shave.

Have you ever reflected that if Queen Victoria had left no sons, or if her sons had been childless, the Kaiser would to-day have been King of England (which, for this purpose, includes Ireland, Scotland, the British Dominions, and India)? What an escape we have had! Three cheers for the Prince Consort—and for King Edward.

"Some" Book!

We met Mr. Raymond Blathwayt the other day, coming out of our Publishers' office, and, with a somewhat nervous air, he informed us that he had just put in hand the printing of his book—"Horatio Bottomley: The Man As He Is To-Day." We ventured to express the hope that he had said nothing but what was nice about us—only to be met by the Asquithian slogan, "Wait and see!" We have since "seen." Look out, Raymond!

Past, Present and Future.

"Every saint has his past and every sinner his future," once said an able man gone wrong; and it is so. When a disabled soldier was found in the workhouse by the Cricklade and Wootton Bassett Guardians, it was pointed out by some of them that he had a "past." As, however, his present is that he is drawing only 4s. 8d. a week pension and has fought at Ypres, the Chairman said he didn't care an Assouan about his past, but thought it was a scandal that he should have to come into the workhouse for medical treatment—or sentiments to that effect. And so say all of us.

Tale of an Arsenal.

You have heard of tales from the arsenals before: here is another, told to us by a reader as he received it from some of his former employees. The men absolutely idle their time away, he says, and the best of it (or the worst) is that they work overtime to do it; also Sundays. "In one case 50 mechanics did nothing because they had no labourers to carry and wait on them. Four or five carpenters laid about fifty feet of flooring in a day—worth of the lot, say, 3s. 6d. This is the general style. They even put two men to work on one cupboard lock. The hardest job the men have to do is to get to work and skip off before they have done it." Possibly when the new Compulsion Act is in being there will be an end to the waste of men, time and money.

"The Imperial Nine."

With reference to our demand that Parliament should be suspended for the duration of the war and that the King should rule in Council, the Council being composed of a Military Member, a Naval Member, an Air Service Member, a Munitions Member, a Finance Member, a Labour Member, and the Prime Ministers of the Three Dominions, Messrs. Borden, Hughes and Botha, a correspondent points out that nine was considered by the ancients to indicate perfection—"the superlative of superlatives." It will be remembered that the great warriors of all ages were nine—Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar; and Arthur, Charlemagne and Godfrey of Bouillon. As Dryden puts it:

> Nine Worthies were they called, of different rites,
> Three Jews, three pagans, and three Christian knights.

So let it be again, if necessary.

Let's Soap So.

If the reported serious soap famine in Germany should continue, the Huns will presently be unable to disguise their inherently filthy character by an occasional wash. We can imagine no more apposite illustration of the Scriptural saying, "He that is filthy let him be filthy still."

Better Late than Never.

Having been inundated with letters from patriotic men employed in munition factories, all alleging that deplorable slacking is prevalent, we are glad to hear that the Government has now appointed independent skilled engineers to control these establishments. The old system, under which the owners were permitted to run the works, subject only to visits by Government Inspectors, had obvious disadvantages. From the preliminary accounts which reach us, we anticipate good results for the new system.

Food for Cattle.

By a military order, farmers are forbidden to sell hay, and this is an awkward ordinance just when smallholders need the commodity for the sustenance of their cattle. If the order cannot be withdrawn or some allowance made for sale in small quantities, the cattle will have to be killed, and that is hard lines on a struggling man. As one smallholder puts it, he wants some hay for his cow, not to make a bonfire with. In such cases, cannot some be spared, just enough to preclude the necessity of killing the cow that lays the golden butter and brews the beauteous milk?

No C.O.s for the M.C.C.

The Middlesex County Council have done a sweet and gracious thing. Asked by the Committee on Work of National Importance ("which is responsible for finding useful employment for conscientious objectors to military service") whether they were willing to appoint C.O.s to any vacancies that might have to be filled, the Council immediately passed a resolution that conscientious objectors should *not* be employed in any capacity under the Council. It is devoutly to be hoped that all other public bodies throughout the kingdom will follow this excellent and patriotic example. Let the C.O.s live by taking in each other's washing, not by battening on public funds.

"The Pampered Hun."

We recorded the fact that Y.M.C.A. members organise classes in study and languages for Germhun prisoners, and said that, considering how Germhuny martyrs our lads imprisoned in their hells, Y.M.C.A. workers might well find a worthier occupation. It is suggested to us that these attentions to prisoners are a matter of reciprocity, as equal kindnesses are permitted in Germany to be done by good Americans to prisoners of every nationality in that country. We wish we could believe this to be entirely true, but the evidence is overwhelming that many British prisoners are maltreated, starved, set to filthy tasks, and even done to death. That being so, we still consider the Y.M.C.A. is too kind to the Huns here.

Swallowing the Camel.

At one of those bases, which the Admiralty would prefer us not to designate specifically, where submarines do congregate, and where "neutral" vessels come along and lay alongside, our sailors are not permitted to name the town in their letters home. Yet, frequently, through the streets travel railway vans bearing packing-cases of war material or canteen goods, and on those cases in big letters are stencilled full particulars for the wide world to note, spies included. Here is one direction as painted in black letters on a nice white case:—"Senior Naval Officer; H.M.S. ——; —— [*town and county*]; For Submarine E——." We have left the details blank; they are always carefully supplied and publicly paraded on those packing-cases.

The Pen without a flaw is the "John Bull" Pen.

Dogs for Pigs.

The dogs of Germany appear to have had their day. Owing to the prohibitive tax upon them they are being sent to the slaughter and converted into *fleishmehl* for human consumption. The old saw says that "dog does not eat dog," but apparently German pigs do. By so doing may they acquire some of the good qualities of the canine—an animal so greatly superior to themselves.

Down the Line.

The London and S.W. Railway does not pay too lavishly its "temporary female clerks." In the South some of these ladies receive as much as 4s. weekly—less State insurance; but one millionairess in embryo gets a whole 1s. 8d. per day. Another receives 1s. 3d. daily, while one lady, who handles cash, is specially remunerated at the colossal figure of 2½d. hourly. But we scarcely believe that her understudy, learning her duties, receives three-farthings an hour. That would be—*too* much!

When It was Dark.

Stringent restrictions are very necessary in ports where alien seamen congregate, but it should be possible to relax some of the regulations on behalf of our Allies. Three Belgian seamen were locked up all night and fined 10s. each for not being on board "when it was dark." Their spokesman said they had remained aboard like prisoners for ten days after willingly risking their lives at sea, they could not leave the ship to get a permit, and their captain could not give them one. So they went to the theatre—and broke the law. It was very naughty of them, but surely some sensible authority can lighten their hardships?

A Memo. to Women Readers

We understand that the Women's Volunteer Reserve are urgently in need of an extra thirty young women for night work in canteens in munition areas. The Association pays railway fares—and, where necessary, expenses—and is undoubtedly doing splendid work. A lot of the members, although working all day, put in one night every week at canteen duty. Members are also wanted as orderlies at military hospitals, to drive out wounded soldiers, and other splendid work—whilst a few more extra cars are badly needed. Will any of our women readers to whom the cause appeals, get in touch with the commanding officer, Mrs. W. M. Charlesworth, at 15, York Place, Baker St., W.?

And Another.

And don't forget that on Thursday, May 18th, at the Queen's Hall, the Editor is taking the chair at a big meeting, promoted by the Women's Reserve Ambulance, for the purpose of giving a fillip to its funds. This, too, is another splendid institution, doing noble work amongst the wounded, and it would be nothing short of a calamity if its activities had to cease for want of financial support. All particulars from Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond Street, or at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place.

An Unmerited Slur.

Hating injustice, we feel the deepest sympathy with a story told us, simply and artlessly, by a soldier who got leave after sixteen months in France. At home, he went into a military hospital, ill with gastritis, and was on a milk diet for eleven days. Then a doctor bade him put out his tongue, asked no questions, but wrote him down for return, with his warrant marked, "He was suffering from acute alcoholism." The poor fellow tells us he has taken no alcohol for three years, but he suffers, as a brass-worker, from some form of metal poisoning. "Sir," he writes, "I went at my country's call and did not wait to be asked twice." He can be proud of his record, and we hope his officers will note how unmerited was that stigma on his warrant.

Enough and a Feast.

We observe that the first Report of the Committee on Dioceses suggests several new bishoprics. Having regard to the record of the Bishops in this war, the opinion of most people will be that enough is as good as a feast. In times of peace scarcely one of them is worth the price of his hire; in times of war most of them become an infliction. If they are British they bore us with their spineless preachiness, and if they are pro-Germhun they disgust us with their enemy patronage.

"Charities and Salaries."

In justice to the West Ham Council we must correct an error about the appointment of a Secretary at £1,750 a year, and of an Accountant at £400, in connection with the administration of the fund under the War Pensions Act. Those gentlemen were appointed, and their salaries fixed, by the Government, and not by the Council. As a matter of fact, the West Ham Town Council shares our own opinion that the payment of such wages out of the Patriotic Fund is a step to be regretted, and, on the motion of Alderman Davis, it has passed, unanimously, a resolution in protest.

The Sunday 'Bus.

Two clergymen of Chislehurst are trying to raise a hurly-burly because motor-'buses visit the lovely common on Sundays. As most of the passengers come from Woolwich they are probably munition workers and their families, so it is idle for the Rev. Mr. Serle to sneer at them as "careless joy-riders." The Rector denied that his outcry was a rich man's protest against a poor man's convenience, but he sadly spoiled his denial by adding that the 'buses "lowered the tone of the place and depleted the better-off element in it." That remark looks like pure snobbery The "better-off" folk would like the Common to themselves, begrudging a day in the country to the town-worker. Our vote is for fine Sundays and full 'buses.

A Pond of Petrol.

Julius Ernst Guthe, said to be of Saxon origin, now a shipowner, of West Hartlepool and Kepwick Hall, Thirsk, was summoned for breaking the regulations by storing over 60 gallons of petrol. It was a bad "break," too, for he had stored between 400 and 500 gallons, although he had been refused a licence to store 200. He pleaded that he needed the petrol for his car, to travel to and from his place of business. Many of his vessels are on Admiralty service; one son, a major, has been killed at the Front; another son is serving as a lieutenant. We, therefore, cast no doubt upon his loyalty to this country, but we regard the fine imposed—£5, including costs—as disgracefully inadequate for an offence so pronounced. The figure is a fleabite to Mr. Guthe, and an encouragement to others with records not so clean.

Picnician.

How exactly the Good Friday picnic at Gathurst begun and ended we do not know, but it is evident that the Vicar of Skevington Parish anticipated a riot of ghastly horror; for this is what the rev. gentleman said in his magazine: "I have heard that the Abomination, usually designated a Picnic, is to be held again at Gathurst this Good Friday. How anyone calling themselves Christians can have anything to do with the horrible thing passes one's comprehension. It is a positive curse to our district. If only our people could hear half the horrible things and see a little of the horrors which take place in our midst as a direct result of the so-called picnic, it would cause the blood to mantle their cheeks with shame and make them hate with an intense hatred this work of the Devil in their midst." We have never liked picnics ourselves, but we didn't know they were so bad as that.

For clean and entertaining reading try "Everywoman's."

GIVE THEM ANOTHER CHANCE!

AWAKE AT LAST?—WILL THEY STAY THE COURSE?

BY THE EDITOR.

I gather that my article last week—"I Accuse"—caused a considerable flutter in Downing Street; and if I may judge from the enormous number of letters which have reached me on the subject, the public are quite prepared for an immediate *coup d'état*—calling upon the King to dissolve Parliament and to rule in Council till the end of the war. Indeed, I have been urged to promote a monster Petition to the King, and to lead a procession of 100,000 men to Buckingham Palace for the purpose of presenting it. Well, it is a serious and embarrassing situation—and I have thought deeply over it. As I said last week, I am not out for revolution or for panic—I am out for one thing only, and that is to get this ghastly and bloody business over. I love my country, and I honour my King—and nothing but the most overwhelming sense of duty would induce me to call his Majesty's Ministers to the bar of public opinion whilst we are in the thick of the struggle. But it is useless to close our eyes to the fact that the Government has ceased to have the country at its back. And here, incidentally, I *must* rebuke Mr. Asquith for resorting to the tricks of the lawyer when challenged on this head. "If," said he, in majestic tones—which we are told were greeted with great cheers—"if we have lost the confidence of the country, *let the House* say so." Of course, he knew that he was appealing to a packed jury—quite ignoring the fact that every by-election is a notice to the Government to quit. These are no times for rhetorical and forensic monkeying. But let that pass for the moment. The question is, What should be my action to-day—and, after deep and anxious thought, I have decided it is to give Ministers one more chance. I do not write in any egotistic spirit. When I speak of myself in this connection I do so in my representative capacity as Editor of this journal—as a public man owing allegiance to no political authority—as the Iconoclast of the old and effete Party system. To-day it is becoming fashionable to condemn that system and to plead for my ideal of a Business Government: and in a few years time, I suppose, half-a-dozen newspapers will each be claiming to have been the pioneer of the new order of things. Well, I don't mind that—there is no copyright in ideas. Besides, it was ever so: "Seven cities vied for Homer dead—through which the living Homer begged his bread." But to-day I have the right to speak for the large and ever-increasing public which is throwing off the yoke of political slavery and of the lawyer-politician. And it is in the name of that public I speak when I say that I—we, if you prefer it—that *we* will give the Coalition one more chance. If, in the end, collapse and chaos ensue, it shall never be said that JOHN BULL—the Tribune of the People—did not strive to avert it.

ARE THEY WAKING UP?

Let me say, frankly, that I realise at last a show of resolution, a sign of grace—and how sincerely I welcome them! After months of doubt and hesitation, after Cabinet dissensions and Party disunions, the past few days have given evidence—small, it is true, against the sum total of deficiencies slight compared with the avalanches of hesitation—that his Majesty's Ministers are throwing off the mantle of indecision and putting on the garment of resolution. Do I rejoice at the change? Yes, with all my heart and soul. I am out to win this war with every instrument of razor-edge sharpness; I am prepared, and I know the nation is ready, to make every sacrifice—to count all well lost that victory may be ours. It is because I have watched the slow movements of a sluggard Government with ever-growing anxiety; because I have seen one advantage after another lost or delayed for the want of quick determination and masterly activity, that I have been forced to the conclusion that only by ridding the Government of those elements which clog the wheels of war and hamper the march of the fighting men, can we bring nearer, with sure speed and certain step, that victory which will inevitably be ours. I care nothing for persons; I hold reputations as of no account if men and reputations must fall to make our triumph certain. I am ruthless for victory. He who stands between us and the loud shoutings of our troops in the streets of Berlin is my enemy and my country's foe. Have we a right to build on the incidents of a week the hopes for a year—a year that must see the flags of triumph waving in the breeze and hear the joy-bells of returning peace? Well, I at least am prepared to take the Government on trust for a little longer, if by giving them confidence we can help them to strength—if by believing in them we can make them believe in themselves.

MY INDICTMENT ADJOURNED.

I retract no word I have written nor water down a single one of my charges. "I Accuse" remains—a dark and damning indictment of a Government that began in strength and nearly ended in despair. When the history of the last few weeks comes to be written it will be found that it was the Cabinet, not the nation, that was divided—contending policies and personalities within the inner Councils of the King, not the sections and the classes in the country, long since welded by the common danger and made one by common sacrifices—which weakened us for the fight and almost palsied our arm before the enemy. No, my indictment stands—monumental in its counts, unanswerable in its allegations—an indictment which in the fulness of time will have to be met, and before which proud reputations will wither like plucked poppies in the sunshine. But, thank God, the People are greater than their rulers; the voice of resolution, the spirit that wills and dares—these things are a national possession in the hour of our greatest endeavour. Trust the People, and the People will carve out their destinies anew, and rebuild a nobler greatness on the foundations of our Imperial strength. Why, then, do I—while placing on record my solemn impeachment, and charging the Government with sins of

omission and commission big enough to crush them in ignominy—try to see the best in recent events and welcome such a long and dangerously deferred act as general compulsion as a sign of grace, a show of resolution? It is because I am passionately anxious that the unity of the nation should find its counterpart in the unity of those who rule—because I am so certain of ultimate victory—that I would do anything, or risk anything, to bring that victory a week or a day nearer fulfilment. Unity is strength; oneness of aim in those who govern is worth every man we are hoping to secure under the new Military Service Bill—and it is because these men who have quibbled and quarrelled in Downing Street are now at last giving some evidence of determination to keep faith with France and play fair with our own flesh and blood in the trenches, that I am ready to give them another trial—and to adjourn my Indictment.

The Banalities of Birrell.

Thank goodness, this egregious pantaloon has gone! Was anything more unspeakably ludicrous—but for the tragedy of the surrounding circumstances!—than his official farewell to the Treasury Bench? He admitted that he had been fooled by the Sinn Feiners; that he had not read aright the evidence before him; that he had failed to do the obvious thing in disarming the rebels. But he had "done his best"; he wished to preserve the "unity of Ireland in face of the foe"!—just as the Cabinet wishes to preserve the unity of the Empire—and its own existence! And then Mr. Asquith breaks into tears over the "personal loss" of his colleague; Mr. Redmond jumps up and says it was partly his fault—as though he had any right to interfere with the Executive Government! And, finally, Sir Edward Carson says to the weeping and discredited Minister: "Don't cry; you did your best, and if you are good no doubt you *will be given another job soon.*" It is very trying—but, still, I suppose I must hope.

Mildew and Dry Rot.

On nothing have the Cabinet bungled so much as on the recruiting question—which touches so intimately the lives of the People and brings to every home the shadow of Death. When they were calling for the manhood of the nation to make the great sacrifice, their call should at least have been honest—their voice should have been strong. It is only because the nation is greater in spirit and stronger in resolution that it has put up with Cabinet methods, which have seen the mildew of compromise growing amid the dry rot of procrastination. To-day, Mr. Asquith asks for the nation's support for general compulsion, when less than six months ago he pledged himself to resign office rather than agree to it. To-day, Mr. Henderson, the Labour man of the Cabinet, eats his words and expects everyone to forget that half-a-year ago he denied, with all the indignation of which the demagogue is capable, that compulsion for military service would ever be extended to the married men. Mr. Asquith, speaking in the House of Commons on January 12th, in answer to Sir John Simon, said: "My right hon. friend fears, I am sure quite genuinely and honestly, that if this Bill is carried it may be used as a precedent or as a starting-point for the adoption of something in the nature of general compulsion. I have no such fear." And these were the words of Mr. Henderson on the same occasion: "I have noticed with apprehension that it may be extended to the married men. . . . All these things have been swept away." And yet the Prime Minister waxes white and indignant when anyone dares to suggest that his methods, and the methods of his muddling colleagues, do not carry the confidence of the country! This is what Sir E. Carson means when he denounces Mr. Asquith for mistaking oratory for action, descending to tactics, and applying the methods of Party politics to the waging of war.

A Ray of Hope.

But I return to warm myself in a ray of hope. I am hugging the belief that at last the Cabinet have settled their differences and scrapped their crises—that disunion and "national calamity" over half a Bill have changed into unity and decision under a whole one. We won't inquire into that mystery—there are more lies told in the name of Cabinets than are ever thought of by common men! And the Week of Resolution has not only seen Compulsion accepted, but eight Irish rebels shot. That, again, is a good sign. It means that so soon as the soldiers are given full power, the enemy falls. But don't let slobbery sentimentality, such as uttered in the House, affect us as a nation. These Irish rebels were leagued with the enemy for our downfall, and neither John Redmond nor Edward Carson is playing the patriot's part in making touching appeals for clemency. Not only the leaders but the rank and file showed all the cowardly cruelty of the Hun; unarmed men and inoffensive women and children were callously done to death. Let severe penalties be the fate of these murderous traitors who defied the King's Majesty and bespattered the blood of the innocent on the walls of Dublin city. And so that the better part of Ireland may wipe out the stain, let her people come under the new demand for soldiers. There is no reason, in fairness or right dealing, why British husbands should be taken and Irish husbands left. This new Bill arises out of military necessity and the pledge to our Allies. Ireland is just as much bound by that pledge as Wales or the Isle of Wight. Why, then, should she be left out when between 200,000 and 300,000 of her sons are eligible for military service? Even a time-expired man, resident in Ireland, cannot be recalled to the Colours like an Irishman resident in England. Is that equality of sacrifice? But with Mr. Redmond and Sir Edward Carson in daily conference—and with Birrell gone—I would fain hope for real national unity at last.

> Now let the general trumpet blow its blast,
> Particularities and lesser sounds to cease.

Therefore, the trial of my Indictment stands adjourned. I wish I could say it was abandoned. I will hope for the best—*but I am not sanguine.* Let that be made quite clear. I am satisfied, in my own mind, that the Coalition machine won't work much longer. But no word of mine shall prevent it having one more chance. Elsewhere in this issue appear articles containing the gravest accusation which has ever been made against a Government. Still I will hope. Even though the words choke me, I will say, "Give them another chance." But that must be my last word to Mr. Asquith—for whom personally I have the sincerest respect. But I am, perhaps, less sentimental than the Right Hon. Gentleman. Much as I like Mr. Asquith, I love my country more.

Still I repeat—the trial of my Indictment is adjourned.

TOWNSHEND .TELLS THE TRUTH.

THE MOST DESPICABLE PAGE IN MODERN HISTORY.—HE INDICTS THE "POLITICALS."

By A. G. Hales.

Who betrayed General Townshend? The British public are clamouring for an answer to that pregnant question. The nation is not going to be fobbed off with legal platitudes, nor shall the unrest in the disaffected parts of Ireland act as a cloak to cover a crime which stinks to Heaven. The greatest surrender of British troops that has ever taken place since first the Union Jack floated over these isles is not a matter that can, or shall be, glossed over by a few parliamentary phrases, or be buried in oblivion by the operation of the Defence of the Realm Act. The British Government is without a shadow of defence in this matter; there are no extenuating circumstances, so they maintain a shameful silence—and cling to office. Their apologists say that the fall of Kut was of no military importance. Is that so? Then, in the name of God, why was the expedition set in motion? Why have we sacrificed fourteen thousand gallant soldiers, a large number of splendid officers, and the most daring, dashing, brilliant general on the Active Service list—a general who again and again outmanœuvred and out-fought the enemy even when opposed by odds of five to one? If Calais were to fall to-morrow these same apologists would assert that the town, not being in England, was of no strategic importance—and Mr. Asquith would still cling to office! The Government are the men who betrayed General Townshend—for it was they who caused him to be sent upon his fatal mission with an army of only 14,000 men, badly equipped, and with no adequate provision made for a sufficiency of transport to keep even that little army properly supplied with reinforcements in case disaster overtook it on its mad venture.

The Cause of Asquith's Crime.

The sending of Townshend and his gallant few into that death-trap was not a mistake; it was a cold-blooded crime—for it was conceived in order to divert British public attention from Asquith's fatal blunders at the Dardanelles. A peerless General and a superb little army were to be sacrificed to save a badly discredited band of politicians, and every officer and man *has* been sacrificed and the British people have made no active protest—they are muttering all over the land, but they are doing nothing. Thousands of them in every part of these isles are talking wildly of rebellious risings, when they have a perfectly constitutional remedy ready to their hands. The people have only to come together and say, "The Government must, and shall, go before another and a greater disaster befalls us," and go they must. The whole Parliament should go; for there is not amongst the political assembly one solitary statesman with the courage and ability to impeach Mr. Asquith for his wicked, wasteful and senseless crime—the crime of Townshend's betrayal. Mr. Asquith sent the soldier on his desperate quest; and when he was driven into Kut-el-Amara the Premier, to all intents and purposes, left him and his men to their fate. For months the soldier held his own, with superb skill and dauntless courage, and during those long months Mr. Asquith did not see to it that a relieving force strong enough for the task was sent to the rescue. Therein lies the betrayal; for Townshend had a right to expect, and *I know he did expect*, an army to come to his support strong enough to save him, and save the honour of our Empire in the East. His confidence was betrayed, his hopes dashed, whilst the wretched Government crew were squabbling about the manner in which beer might be bought and sold—the poor, pitiful mountebanks to put a paltry "social" measure above the blood of brave men! How really pitiful they are is shown by their answers to questions in the House of Commons; their replies are so framed as to leave the impression on the lay mind that Townshend never advised those above him that, instead of a paltry 14,000 men, he needed *at least an army corps of two divisions* to give him even a chance of success. Thus by their answers they imply incompetence on Townshend's part. I mean to nail that implied lie to the counter. I know, and I firmly believe Mr. Asquith knows and knew all along, that General Townshend *did* make a strong protest against the suicidal adventure. This is what Townshend wrote: "*It is absolutely unsound from a military point of view to attempt to take Baghdad with less than an army corps of two divisions.*" Townshend is a prisoner of war until peace comes, and he cannot protect his reputation; but it is the duty of a public journal to protect the soldier from the machinations of unscrupulous politicians. Townshend's renown shall not be smirched whilst he is languishing in a Turkish stronghold, in order that the face of this Government may be saved. Mr. Asquith did not save him, but he shall not be permitted to damn his reputation as a soldier. It is cowardly, contemptible and base to attempt to do so, even if he uses another parliamentarian to do this thing in the "House." What will our soldiers in the trenches say when they hear of it? No general at the front knows when it may be *his* turn to be sacrificed to cover some inflated civilian's blunders.

Warnings Ignored.

I am not prophesying after the event. Months ago I dinned the danger into stupid ears; and long before I wrote in the press I knew the peril, and submitted a scheme of transport which would have saved Kut. It was pronounced a sound scheme by one of the ablest of living soldiers, but it was turned down. My suggestion was looked upon, I suppose, as a piece of impudence on the part of a war correspondent and pioneer who had handled transport in all kinds of climates before half the present Government knew the difference between a transport mule and an Alaskan sledge dog. All they did was to let the precious days go by. Now all that the fatuous politicians can say is that Townshend and the remnant of his peerless army will receive all the honours they have won. Damn the honours! Honours—will they bring the gallant dead to life again; what is the use of *post mortem* glory to *them?* What I want is punishment for the guilty, and I believe that is what the nation wants. Well, I have quoted one warning of poor Townshend's. Listen to this—never mind how I get it: "*I send you a line after the battle of Cesiphon, where I won a Pyrrhic victory—having* 4,500 *killed and wounded out of* 14,000 *men. . . . The enemy had from four to six divisions against my one—and I am amazed our Politicals did not know of these heavy reinforcements having reached the Turks*—HAD I GOT INTO BAGHDAD I SHOULD NEVER HAVE GOT OUT AGAIN. . . . ALL THIS HAS COME ABOUT THROUGH THEIR NOT HEEDING MY PROTEST WHEN ORDERED TO TAKE BAGHDAD." This damning evidence has been before my Editor for months past, and it is published to-day with his sanction and approval. Remember that many of the Indian soldiers taken at Kut had fought at Gallipoli—they had seen our defeat there. They will write home to India. Turkey will see that the letters reach their destination, and they will tell all India of Gallipoli and Kut. Even now the bazaars will be ringing with it—and God alone knows how far-reaching the consequences may be.

It is indeed generous of Mr. Bottomley to adjourn his Indictment!

WHEN THE DEAD AWAKEN.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF AN OFFICER ON LEAVE FROM THE FRONT.

By R. N. A. S.

I have just returned from one of our numerous fronts. Before being sent overseas, I had been doing home defence work on and around our coast.

When I was ordered abroad England was thinking about universal service, London was wondering whether it should take the Zeppelins seriously, our young men were getting a trifle anxious in case they were ordered to defend their country and their women-folk, and politicians were speechifying.

Promises were being made in Parliament, and fortunes were being made by certain wise and interested individuals. Incidentally, the *Daily Mail* was risking its popularity, its reputation and its circulation by endeavouring to spread unpalatable truths and silence the vapourings of effeminate politicians.

That seems a long time ago. It *was* a long time ago, for countless graves have been dug in foreign lands for our dead since then, and countless ships have been sunk beneath the seas England once ruled. The little corner of the Empire where I was dumped with my section (all the officers except one, and forty per cent. of the men, being married) was not supplied with newspapers—a daily War Office telegram telling us what was not happening relieved the monotony of "waiting." For some unaccountable reason we all believed that there was universal service, that the submarine problem had been solved, that there was a responsible Air Minister, and that the blockade of Germany had commenced. Also that certain comic campaigns, light-heartedly undertaken by lawyers—and led by soldiers and sailors "muzzled"—were things of the past

England, we heard, had awakened, and, like France, was at last proving true to herself and her glorious traditions. The British Lion, which once roared, but for nearly a century had meowed like a tabby-cat, was sharpening his claws and preparing to uphold the honour and prestige of his adopted country.

My way "home" led through France. My heart swelled with pride to think that she and my England were suffering, fighting and sacrificing side by side.

The whole of France which I passed through, from one end to the other, was like a mountain just before the hour of dawn; dark, very silent, without sunshine or daylight; mysterious and awful, yet pregnant with the birth of a new day. One cannot set foot on French soil without shedding tears. One cannot breathe the air without being inspired to brave deeds.

A HOME GREETING.

Then the white cliffs of England greeted me.

"DON'T USE A MOTOR-CAR FOR PLEASURE." That was my first greeting—in letters five feet high on giant hoardings.

I rubbed my eyes—and looked again. "BAD FORM IN DRESS."

"Name of a Saint, what does it mean?" gasped a Frenchman.

"Name of St. George and Merrie England," I echoed, "it—it must be some new advertisement of Bottomley's for JOHN BULL."

I tumbled into a train and was given luncheon by two stalwart young English waiters; I would have felt happier had they been interned Germans instead of *interned English youths*.

I asked for a paper, and opened it expectantly. The first paragraph I saw was headed, "LET US GET ON WITH THE WAR." I turned the page. "*The Air Muddle*"—"*Resignation of Lord Derby*"—"*Mr. Asquith's Speech.*"

I threw the paper away: "You've given me last year's paper!" I cried. "I want the news of 1916."

I was assured I had it. I looked again. Across the top of another page I saw in big-headed type, "WE MUST HAVE COMPULSION!" And there was the date, "*April 9th*, 1916."

It was a bitter pill for an old married man, twenty months ago a civilian, to swallow. There was worse.

General Townshend was still being "relieved"; the Dardanelles fiasco was still being used as a political peg on which to hang soldiers. Air raids on England were still being discussed with the same amount of intelligence as, in another column, the latest fashions in feminine attire. Mr. Asquith was still making speeches—and the sea was thick with the wrecks of our ships, and France was sowed thickly with our dead.

And nobody seemed to know or to care. In London the trains and trams and cabs and omnibuses were filled with careless crowds reading Mr. Asquith's speeches. The hoardings were bright with posters telling the happy crowds what to wear and what to eat and what to do with their motor-cars.

Tears had filled my eyes in France. Tears filled them again in London, but they were not the same tears. They were tears of humiliation.

Everywhere I went, in every newspaper I read, with everyone with whom I talked I heard the same things I had heard a year ago: "*Shall* we have Compulsion? *Have* we got an efficient Air Service? *Why* should our food—and matches—cost us more? *Aren't* the Germans broken yet? Why *can't* we stop Zeppelin raids?—and, *what* did Asquith say yesterday?"

A FEW TRUTHS.

Dare I, an old civilian—sick of the war as we in England wage it—tell you a few truths?

Ministers are saying to-day what they said yesterday, and will say to the End of the Chapter—which will be written in London by the Kaiser, unless we all stop chattering.

Yes, we have an Air Service, the finest in the world, and we have no one to control it. It is costing us hundreds of thousands of pounds—and eating its heart out.

We have the nucleus of the finest army (save the French) in the world, scattered vaguely all over the Empire waiting for a Minister and a competent General Staff. We have a Navy rendered useless by red tape and controlled by civilians. We have everything that, given a Government, could give us command of earth, air and sea in six months, and finish the war.

But there is no one to lead us, no one to command us, no one to rule us. Sheep without a shepherd; sheep bleating their own blind way to the slaughter-house.

And we have become so fat, so sheep-like, so stupid and so selfish, that we dare not rise up and insist that the Army, the Navy, and the Air Service shall "run" this war, and rule us until victory is achieved; and that our politicians, poster artists and financiers shall resign, cease wasting our wealth and the lives of our fathers and sons, and refrain from making the honour of England the laughing-stock of the neutral world.

And I shudder to think what the glorious dead will say—when they awaken.

A STAR TURN.

By Norman Tiptaft.

This is a play, consisting of a foreword (which you are now reading), a prologue which you must read to understand it, eight acts which you may read, and an epilogue which it is doubtful if you will attempt to read. As there is a shortage of paper, the whole lot has had to be severely sub-edited, but enough is left to show you the gist of the thing—well, I hope so, anyhow. To save misunderstanding, let me state definitely that this is the end of the foreword.

Now for the *prologue*.

"All starred single men to be called to the colours, and their places filled by women and older married men." Resolution of attested married men. (For full particulars as to size of hall, numbers present, etc., see local paper.)

Here endeth the prologue. We now come to the *play*.

Act I.—Busy factory. Well, you know what a busy factory is like, don't you? End of Act I.

P.S.—By the way, I forgot to say it was a controlled factory, full up with urgent war orders and employing a large number of single men.

Act II.—War Office demands more men. Married men object. There's a lot more in the complete act, but you can imagine the rest.

Act III.—Before the Tribunal. Employer appeals for specially skilled single workers—toolmakers, die-sinkers, etc. Is told to fill their places as per prologue "with women and older married men." Nearly kills the Chairman and has to be led out of Court. *P.S.*—I suppose you understand he was the employer at the factory referred to in Act I.

Act IV.—The employer's private office in the factory. He swears. I think that's all I'd better put in this act.

Act V.—He fills places of toolmakers with an assortment of dock labourers, charwomen and any other old things he can find. I don't know what happens, so I pass on.

Act VI.—Government Inspector arrives and demands contracts. Employer points out that his men who could have done the work are now forming fours and other things, but leaves detailed explanations to a particularly strong labourer who hails from Limehouse, and a charlady from Whitechapel, who have taken the place of two skilled men. In this act the Inspector dies.

Act VII.—Owing to shortage of labour, contractor retires to a lunatic asylum.

Act VIII.—Military authorities, attested married men and others indulge in grand jubilation at having put all single men in khaki. End of play. I believe it is usual to put a row of asterisks before the epilogue, so here goes.

* * * * * * * *

Epilogue.—Soldiers in the field, sailors on the deep, short of things they urgently needed, because of the blithering idiocy of our governors. Curtain.

THE SPECIALS' SPECIAL SERVICE.

PRAYERS TO ORDER AND DEVOTION AS A DUTY.

Attendance at church or chapel has long been considered a pious duty by many; nowadays it has come to be a police duty. The Special Constables who attended the service at Albert Hall were actually ordered to do so, by printed notice, with typed additions. The terms were peremptory —"Metropolitan Police. Special Constables. Duty Warning.—Take notice that you are required to attend at —— Police Station, on Sunday next, at 8.45 a.m., for Church Parade at the Albert Hall. Great coats, cap, police and kharki armlets to be worn . . . Also duty same evening." Passing over the official spelling of "khaki"—which is interesting, though unusual—we regard that order as an unnecessary hardship inflicted on men who have worked strenuously for many months. If Church Parade at the Albert Hall was a desirable thing, the men should have been invited to attend, and not driven to the service by a harsh requisition in the form of police duty. The Specials cheerfully give their time to the needs of the public; their officers are not justified in robbing them of a prized Sunday morning rest. To herd them to church in droves is not conducive to a peaceful and religious frame of mind.

BLACK AND WHITE.

LIVING LIVINGSTONES IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Shortly after the outbreak of war in Europe, there was some trouble with the natives in the Nyasaland (British Central Africa) Protectorate, and the Commissioners appointed by the Governor to inquire into the origin of the disturbances have issued an interesting Report. In the first place, strong exception is taken to "certain American and European Missions in the Protectorate of which the so-called Church of Christ Mission and the Seventh Day Baptist Mission may be taken as types"; and the Commissioners insist that if schemes for the "conversion" of the heathen are to be free from mischief, they must be subject to effective control. A further point is made of the unfriendly relations subsisting between the native population and the A. L. Bruce Estates, Limited, a Scottish Company with extensive interests in this quarter of the globe. As far as we can gather, the Bruce Company seems to be closely associated with the family of the late Dr. David Livingstone, the illustrious missionary and Central African explorer, but to judge from the Report the present Directors appear to have departed widely from the precept and example of their distinguished forerunner. It is strange, for instance, to read of native churches being destroyed by a Mr. Livingstone, the Manager of the Bruce Estates—nor is it pleasant to learn, on the authority of the Commissioners, that "Mr. Livingstone's treatment of natives was often unduly harsh, and, apart from this, the general system of estate management was unsatisfactory." From these grave statements, it is but a short step to the Commissioners' conclusion, that "the conditions of labour and the system of tenancy on the Bruce Estates were in several respects illegal and oppressive, and that the conditions on the estates . . . directly conduced to the rising." At these disclosures the shareholders and Directors of the Bruce Company, especially those of the "Livingstone" clan, will, doubtless, be inexpressibly shocked, and we trust that means may speedily be found to prevent a recurrence of the recent troubles, and to remove from an honoured name a reproach it ought never to have incurred. Meanwhile, the Government authorities should take steps to check the danger arising from irresponsible "missionary" activity in the "Dark Continent."

MURDEROUS "ETIQUETTE."

SCANDALOUS MEDICAL NEGLECT AT LEEDS.

At a Leeds inquest a husband stated that he had made arrangements with a Dr. Heskin to attend his wife in childbirth, but at the time of her confinement the doctor was unable to come promptly, and serious complications having arisen, it became necessary to enlist the services of another practitioner. In the hope of a speedy response, the husband called at the Infirmary, where he saw a medical student named Holt, but Mr. Holt could not attend the case without consulting Dr. Heskin, as to do so would be to commit a breach of medical "etiquette." A telephonic communication with Dr. Heskin seems to have elicited the statement that "the woman was all right," but, as a matter of fact, her condition had grown critical, and a doctor, whose services were ultimately obtained, found it impossible to save her life. At the inquest, a good deal of interest centred in the evidence of Mr. Holt. There was no disposition unduly to blame him, as his action was solely determined by considerations of professional etiquette, to which, as an institutional officer, he was bound to pay close regard. It was even suggested that for him to have attended the woman without the consent of Dr. Heskin would have been "more than his place was worth." So literal was Mr. Holt's interpretation of this rule that he actually called at the patient's house to explain that he could not attend—declining to cross the threshold, although told that the woman was at the point of death. Seldom have we had a more graphic illustration of the public danger involved in the rules of "etiquette," devised by the medical fraternity for their mutual advantage, and we are sorry that the Coroner's jury should have failed to express an opinion upon this aspect of the case.

To lessen your worry, see page iii of cover.

HASHU LIKE IT.

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

Occult philosophy has its home in the Orient, but that does not mean that every quack with a pseudo-Oriental title is a repository of the wisdom of the ages. On the contrary, most of these gentry are charlatans of the most impudent type, without the least pretensions to knowledge of the subjects they propose to treat. For example, there is our old friend, Hashu, Professor of Hypo-Magnetic Attraction, and one or two other little things, and Director of the Universal Observatory of Psychic Research, at 91, Maida Vale, London, W.—one of the prettiest impostors in the Oriental line. In our issue of January 8th, we dealt at some length with Hashu's methods, warning readers to shun the faking "fakir" of Maida Vale, but it does not seem that our efforts have induced the Professor to shut up shop, and a further plain word may not be amiss. There is no use in mincing matters. Hashu is a fraud and a humbug. When he says he has "tentatively accepted an important position with one of the great London hospitals," he tells a thumping lie. All that Hashu knows of authentic occult philosophy or of the arts of hypnotism and mental suggestion might easily be written on the back of a visiting card, but he is a master of the science of prevarication, and will stick at nothing in the way of mendacity, as long as he can rake in the shekels from his unsuspecting dupes.

FEW—AND FOOLISH.

Apparently, things are not going as prosperously with Hashu as when we first crossed his path. In money matters he is getting impatient. "I can only give you 30 days from the date you receive this," he writes to a "dear Client"—"so make up your mind once and for all and send in your name now, that I may register you as one of the few." The inestimable boon of a Course of Lessons in Hypo-Magnetic Attraction, which "will enable you to make a new start in life," will cost you £1 1s., and for this nominal consideration you will be taught not only to "re-build and remodel the whole of your career, but you will have the power to govern and control others"—even as the redoubtable Hashu can bend a stubborn world to his will. And if you are fool enough to part with a guinea on the strength of such promises, you will be served with a hotch-potch of rubbish in regard to "personal-magnetism, telepathy and curative force," told how "Cleopatra chained Antony," and supplied for the same inclusive fee with a wonderful mirror from the East—of London—in which, with a little help from Hashu, you may read your fate, and with no help from anyone see what kind of a "mug" you are!

ARTFUL ASOKA.

We are disposed to think that Hashu, of Maida Vale, is not wholly unconnected with Asoka, the notorious lucky-stone merchant, of 35a, Warwick Avenue, London, W. If anything, Asoka is slightly more Oriental than Hashu—"Ap Dost Salaam," he greets his "dear Clients"—and in addition to the famous Rajah Lucky Stone he sports a "real Talismanic Jewel," guaranteed hand-made and "treated under strictly Oriental rules, inscribed with Occult signs and Guardian Angel," calculated to invoke the warmest smile of Heaven upon its lucky possessor. To win this priceless mascot you must persuade six friends to purchase a Rajah Lucky Stone at the cost of 2s. 6d.—although if you can land only three gudgeon instead of six, you will be consoled with "a sacred Egyptian Lucky Scarab," with which you may perhaps contrive to rub along. Testimonials from gratified purchasers are conclusive as to the wonderful properties of the stone. On the day after he received the "little jewel" a London buyer found a sovereign in the street, and since then his uncle, prompted by the Kindly Fates, has given him a motor-bicycle. A grateful Scotsman had "a bad throat," but thanks to the "talismanic stone" it is "nearly all right again." One writer has had "wonderful luck" at billiards, while another's success at cards has been "exceptional." The cumulative weight of such testimony is overwhelming. Every testimonial is, of course, guaranteed genuine; the originals to be freely inspected at Warwick Avenue whenever there is anyone at home who happens to know where they are. On the whole, we fancy Asoka might give points to Hashu, but whichever Hashu you will certainly be "had."

CARDS CONDEMNED BY CAMP.

HATED IMPRINT SPELLS TROUBLE FOR AN OLD MAN.

An old fellow—who has a wife and a big family of little ones and is afflicted with physical disabilities, but remains cheerful—has been amusing and singing to Canadian soldiers in camp, so picking up a living. But a damp bed, encountered by evil chance, put him off song. Not to be beaten by hard fate, he secured permission from the officers to sell stationery and postcards in camp, and was again doing well and rubbing along satisfactorily until—well, until one of the soldiers discovered that the postcards were German made. The whole stock was promptly kicked up in the air and destroyed, the vendor came in for many hard words, and his Permit is in jeopardy. From no fault of his, his livelihood may be gone. For the old fellow bought them in good faith, with no idea of their origin, from the East London Printing Co., of 7, Houndsditch, E.C. In the corner of each card is a thick, dark blot or blur of some kind of paint or composition. If this is scratched away, the words "Printed in Germany" are to be found. Now the poor old pedlar knew nothing of this, but the East London Printing Co., the wholesalers, must surely have been aware of the nature of the goods. He sent to the Company an account of what had happened, stating that he had lost stock valued at about £12. The firm replied, in pencil on a postcard, "Sorry you had a bit of trouble, but we cannot see that it is our fault; we sell the goods just as we bought them, and we cannot hold ourselves responsible." Candidly, this will not do. In common justice, the Company must reconsider his claim, and set him up with a new stock which shall not hail from Hunland.

SAVE PENNIES AND PINCH KIDDIES.

HOW BRENTFORD POOR LAW CHILDREN ARE FED.

According to the Medical Officer of the Union, the children located in the scattered homes of the Brentford Board of Guardians are thin. Having regard to what they get by way of nourishment, it would be amazing if they were fat. It may be, of course, that food does not agree with them, for Mrs. Palmer, the Chairman of the Children's Committee, alleges that they have as much to eat as they want. It is, however, just as well to consider Mrs. Palmer's notions of dietetic plenty in relation to the facts recently disclosed by Mr. Cohen and Mr. Winterbourne, two members of the Board. According to Mr. Cohen, the meat as served to the children is "tiny and thin—a 6lb. joint having to last four days for ten persons each," the cheese given to them being about the size of a penny. He charged the Guardians with making £1,000 a year out of the children, and stigmatised the way the youngsters were being fed as commercial brigandage. Corroborating Mr. Cohen at the meeting, Mr. Winterbourne said the meats worked out at a penny per child, and asked "What could they get in the way of bread, milk, coffee and meat for that?" If these statements are correct—and we do not perceive in the report before us that they were contradicted except by Mrs. Palmer—it is evident that either the Guardians will have to instruct the Medical Officer to improve the children's appetites, or Mrs. Palmer, as Chairman of the Children's Committee, will have to encourage her little charges always to ask, like Oliver Twist, for more.

SEEING RED.

SEE WILLIAMS WAG THE RUBY RAG!

A sweet-mannered, nice, polite sort of person for a family tea-party is Mr. Robert Williams, Secretary of the National Transport Workers' Union. At a meeting of Huddersfield No-Conscriptionists he made a speech, from which we select these elegant extracts:—"Shut your —— mouth . . . And be —— to you, sir . . . I'll be —— if I will take a commission or a staff appointment." That last gentle asseveration followed his boast that, if he liked, "he could have a staff appointment and have little bits of red and gold on his collar." As we doubt whether Mr. Williams would make an ideal officer, we trust he will still refuse the red braid for his collar, even though he continue to wag the red rag

A friend to everyone, the "John Bull" Pen.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Premier,—There may be sound reasons why the trial of the traitor Casement should take place before a civil tribunal, but I hope your decision to this effect is not to be made a pretext for needless delay. Meanwhile, I am anxious to know what steps you are taking finally to stamp out the Sinn Fein movement, and to disarm the disloyal factions. Probably the simplest and safest way will be to make it a military offence for any person to have arms in his possession unless he wears the uniform of the King. In all likelihood the boldest course will prove the best. To employ a phrase of which you once were fond, the matter "brooks no delay." John Bull.

To General Sir John Maxwell, Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

Dear General,—Kindly convey to the troops in your command my sense of the deep obligation under which the nation stands to those who have borne an active part in the suppression of the Dublin revolt; and my warm congratulations upon the energy and resolution displayed in the discharge of a task which must have been of a most unpleasant kind. The men who have fallen in this fight are as well entitled to their place upon the Roll of Honour as any who have given their lives in the remoter theatres of war, while to every officer and man there remains the proud knowledge of service loyally rendered in the common cause.
John Bull.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,—I do not pretend to agree with all your conclusions, but you annoy me a good deal less than some of the politicians, and I can, at any rate, admire the courage and candour with which you voice your opinions. You seem to have definitely emerged as a convert to the gospel of "Push and Go," and I fancy that even when the recruiting problem is settled you will find ample scope for the restless energy which has been the dynamic of your career. You have a better claim than most of your colleagues to be regarded as a "leader" of the nation. Stick to your guns—and never mind the critics—and you may yet "make good." John Bull.

To Sir Henry Norman, M.P.

Dear Sir Henry,—Before these words are published the Government will have given a day for the discussion of a motion that, in view of economy in fuel and transport to be effected by shortening the hours of artificial lighting, "the House would welcome a measure for the advancement of clock time by one hour during the summer months of this year." A Daylight Saving Bill on these lines would be a great public boon, especially during the war. We should all get to work an hour earlier and finish an hour sooner, making the most of the daylight while it is with us. Daylight is cheaper than darkness, and it is also healthier. I can quite credit an estimate which has been made that an hour of daylight gained would save the country £20,000 a day. What other Act of Parliament could save so much by simply putting forward the hands of the clock? I am heartily with you and the shade of Mr. Willett in this matter, and congratulate you on having secured the valuable support of the Home Secretary. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. G. N. Barnes, M.P.

Dear Mr. Barnes,—Congratulations upon your speech on the Military Service Bill. It was full of fine, patriotic feeling and sound sense; and if I take exception to your suggestion that the conscientious objector should have more, rather than fewer, facilities to indulge in his pimply piety and anæmic ebullition, I join heartily in your appeal to working men "not to nurse their wrath against anything that may be considered wrong within these shores, but to rally with all classes in the community to the support of any measure calculated to win the war." That is the true spirit, the spirit of British manhood. Like my old friend, Stephen Walsh, you are made of the right stuff. John Bull.

To Miss F. M. Scott Cavell, Matron, Hull and East Riding Sanatorium and Convalescent Home, Withernsea, E. Yorks.

Madam,—In sisterly affection for the treasured memory of a brave, high-spirited, devoted woman whose life was shamelessly taken by our Germhun enemies, surely no one has better claims than yourself to try to realise the desire of her heart—that of "building a home for sick, old, tired or convalescent nurses where the benefits of a real home would be obtained to make the taking up of the burden of life again possible." I know that the need of such a refuge is great. To the nursing profession in this war Britain owes large debts of gratitude; the thousands of wounded soldiers whose sufferings nurses have assuaged, and whom their ceaseless vigil and tireless devotion have assisted to bring back to life, will be the first to acknowledge that. For women who have done so much through sacrifice and danger it is little to do in the name of your martyred sister what she had hoped to do for them when her work in Brussels was finished, and to all who love and revere her memory—a stimulus to noble service for humanity to the end of their days—it should be a privilege and an honour to contribute, through you, to bring into being this Home of Rest for Nurses upon which she had set her heart of hearts. That my readers will do their part I cannot doubt.
John Bull.

To the Countess Markiewicz, Prison House, London.

Madam,—To such a pass has your vanity and folly led you at last! That all the notoriety you have so assiduously sought should end at a masquerade in the uniform of rabble revolution of Irish Sinn Feiners in the pay of the Germhun enemy! Even the friends who knew you best seem scarcely to have expected to find you a leading figure in such a movement of bloody treachery and madness. I do not know how much blood of innocent people may be on your hands, but they say you took your place as a sniper at a window. Now you pay; if you had been a rebel in Germhuny instead of in this country you would pay as Edith Cavell paid—with this difference, that she paid in glory and you would pay in shame. British justice will make some allowance for a woman victimised by tragic egotism. Because you are such a woman your life, forfeit as it is to your country, will be spared; but even so your punishment will be adequate, I hope, to teach you lessons of restraint in that love of the limelight which has obsessed you as a life passion. Mercy you will have; pity you do not deserve. John Bull.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Shearman, Royal Courts of Justice.

Dear My Lord,—Your comments in a divorce case in which counsel who had been briefed *in forma pauperis* failed to appear for his client were not a whit too strong. Some time ago your Lordship, or another, made a similar complaint as to the inattention of solicitors appointed in poor persons' cases. It ought to be a point of honour with both branches of a highly privileged profession to do their best, when they undertake a case, for the poor as for the rich—for in the Courts of Justice the poor ought not to suffer injustice on account of their poverty. A counsel who deserts a poor client in need does him grave wrong, and affronts the Court before which the case is to be heard. The wrong and the affront merit stern disciplinary punishment by the professional tribunal; I trust the tribunal, for the honour of the Bar, will never hesitate to inflict it. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P.

Dear Sir Edward,—I am surprised to find you joining in the attacks on Lord Kitchener. That you thought fit in the House of Commons to deliver your blow without mentioning the War Secretary by name makes no difference, but coming from one who has sat with him as a colleague in the Cabinet I should have expected a fairer method of attack. If you share the view that he has failed in his duty, why don't you say so in honest fashion, straight out? We have had enough of these oblique attacks on a gallant soldier who has deserved well of the country—attacks against which not one of his colleagues ever has the manliness to defend him. There is something as important as Cabinet unity—Cabinet honour. *What does it all mean?* John Bull.

To drive away care, make your pastime "Bullets."

THE BROKEN MELODY.

THE MAN WHO "PULLED THE STRINGS."

WRIT SARCASTIC.

KEEP THE GAOL FIRES BURNING.

By "Barnacle."

[*The following article, prompted by one of our criticisms of the Great Unpaid, opens up a new line of thought.*]

John Bull is really becoming an intolerable nuisance. It called attention to the kindly, considerate action of a Bench of Magistrates in imposing a fine of twenty shillings on a child, with the alternative of fourteen days' holiday in one of his Majesty's prisons.

Are you not aware, sir, that there are over fifty thousand persons—clergymen, medical men, retired military officers, schoolmasters and other officials and their families whose incomes are dependent upon the successful continuance of the prison traffic? Are you not aware that *crime* is rapidly decreasing in this country, and that the authorities are at their wits' end to know how to keep up the supply of prisoners to justify the employment of the large staffs of prison warders and other Government servants?

Are you aware, again I ask, that there are thousands of barristers and solicitors whose incomes depend upon the prosecution of their fellow-countrymen—honourable men who, for a few pounds only, are prepared to stand for hours in a stuffy Court making their best endeavours to ruin any person, known or unknown to them, and to bring his wife and children to the lowest depths of misery and starvation? About forty-five years ago we began to feel a draught from improved educational advantages offered to the public, and, fearing disaster, we got that beneficent Act entitled "The Criminal Law Amendment (Prevention of Crimes) Act" passed, which, as you are aware, enables us to keep up the prison traffic by arresting innocent men to make up the number required to fill the prisons. But we realised that this Act would not keep up the business for an indefinite period—so that we had, a few years ago, to introduce Children's Courts, where the kiddies could be successfully prepared for the traffic. How are our Judges, Recorders, Chairmen of Sessions, and other officials of our criminal Courts to be supported if we do not train the children "in the way they should go"?

You should really be more considerate of the learned members of the Bar, whose duty demands that they should create the maximum of misery in the country. The ignorance of your staff, sir, is appalling. It overlooks the magnificent services rendered to the public by the officials of the Bankruptcy Court. Ah, how those gentle souls in Carey Street work day and night preparing useless records which no one wants, but for which the British public have to pay! You, of course, do not understand the working parts of the legal machinery employed to crush the poor, and, therefore, you cannot sympathise with those who were called upon to try its power on the youn and destitute.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

The recent Dublin contentions
Arose from Birrell's good intentions.

Whose is this hidden hand of late
Which saves the traitor from his fate?

Though he's surrendered, let us raise
A hearty cheer in Townshend's praise!

The Kaiser knows his efforts vain—
That we mean business now is plain.

A COSTLY QUITTANCE.

HIGH FINANCE AT ROTHERHITHE.

A Bermondsey reader paid 30s. into the funds of the St. Katharine's Independent Loan and Investment Society, meeting at the St. Katharine's Mission Hall, Rotherhithe, and then having fallen out of employment desired to relinquish his membership. But the pious loan merchants were prepared to return only 17s. 6d. Although he may not have known it, our friend was actually the holder, in his wife's name and his own, of ten shares in the Society, and when he wished, as he bluntly puts it, to "stop paying in," it was necessary, to "discount" the shares in approved fashion, at a cost of 10s., with a further levy of 2s. 6d. in respect of management expenses. We feel sure our friend's disgust will be mitigated when he realises that he has sustained, as it were in *corpore vile*, an operation familiar in the best financial circles. At the moment, however, he seems to be in a most unregenerate frame of mind. "If this is 'mission' work," he writes, "I don't want any more of it; a moneylender for me next time, or a club held in a pub." Tut-tut!

"PRINTER'S PIE."

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Times" ("In Memoriam" notice):—
"To the beloved memory of ——, the first wife of —— ——. 'He will not forget her when he counteth up his jewels.'"

"Newcastle-on-Tyne Evening Chronicle," (advertisement):—
"Young lady at liberty from 10 p.m. till 4 a.m., would like light occupation."

"Northampton Daily Chronicle":—
"The rebels barricaded St. Stephen's Green with motor-cars and tramcars, as in the French Revolution."

"Western Evening Herald" (advertisement):—
"Lost . . . Lady's Gold Wrist Bracelet Watch. Travelled to Yealmpton by 2.50 train Saturday afternoon and walked about 2½ miles towards Ganton."

"Stroud News and Gloucester County Advertiser":—
"The Board decided to allow the inmates of the Workhouse the usual fare of hot-cross buns providing they were made this year."

Be sure to sign your name on page iii of cover.

THE VOGUE OF THE SILHOUETTE.

AMATEUR ARTISTS' OPPORTUNITIES.

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

THE war, which has hit the old-style Academy painter hard, has opened a wide field for the Artist-Beginner.

Editors, Advertisers, Publishers and Printers have more than ever to consider cost of reproduction.

Artists who can make effective and easily reproducible sketches now find a splendid market for their work. The Silhouette is one of the simple striking styles of design developed by the need for Efficiency and Economy.

Mr. Chas. E. Dawson, who needs no introduction to JOHN BULL readers, realised the possibilities of this century-old art in its modern application and won for the Silhouette its present vogue.

The Practical Correspondence College has secured from Mr. Dawson the most interesting, practical and perfectly illustrated lessons on Silhouette ever written.

Advertisement Silhouette by Chas. E. Dawson.

They are included in the Postal Course of Spare-time Home Study he conducts in connection with this Institution. The Course includes thorough, conscientious, unlimited instruction in Drawing for reproduction, Perspective, Lettering, commercial and artistic —Lettering, and Body Line, Wash How to make Colour, etc. yourspare time designs in when, and and how, sell them where to best ad to the vantage — in fact, all the practical, essential things that no art school or text book teach. Mr. Dawson values his time and reputation to attempt too highly to teach those any but ability. who possess artistic gin the Before you can besend a Course you must enable specimen sketch to him to decide if it will be worth your while to study with a view of increasing your income by Art.

A few Scholarships are reserved for JOHN BULL readers whose specimens show unusual promise.

Winning a Scholarship entitles you to the full Course at half fees, payable in small monthly instalments, the balance of fees not due until you have earned £10.

Send a copy of the Silhouette on this page or any small specimen of your work in black and white or colours, with stamps for return, to Chas. E. Dawson, Practical Correspondence College, 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C., who will send a personal letter of criticism and advice upon your chances of success.

No preliminary expense or training necessary. Awards are made in the order in which sketches are received. It costs nothing and you risk nothing to get a famous expert's opinion *gratis* upon your ability—and you may win a scholarship.

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?

AN INCIDENT BEHIND THE LINES.

By J. S.

On the outskirts of a fortified town in Northern France, where the sand dunes and rough wild grasses stretch for miles, there is one flat piece of ground which has been cared for and enclosed within four walls for the purpose of playing games. For many months now this ground has been deserted, all its frequenters having answered to the "Call to Arms," and games seem only a thing of the past. Its aspect, however, was quite changed the other day, when a football match was arranged between the British Y's and the French Z's, at which a collection was to be made for the wounded. I agreed to go with a party of convalescent wounded to cheer the British on, we hoped to victory. We drove in a motor lorry through the gates on to the ground to a good position from which those poor men who could not stand were able to watch the match in comfort.

We made a strange picture, for the patients were dressed in a wonderful collection of garments, which had been sent to us by loving friends in England—one poor boy was seeing the world for the first time since his leg had been amputated, and I wondered what his feelings were as he watched these able-bodied men taking such healthy exercise. Another lad had lost the sight of one eye and the temporary use of his left foot; it was four months since he had been maimed. Whatever their first impressions may have been, they all looked very happy, and soon entered into the spirit of the game.

As the first goal was scored by the British, yells of "Are we downhearted? No!" came from a little gang of their comrades, and cheers of appreciation rang through the air, for the French were soon cognisant of the fact that although they had some good individual players, they were distinctly the weaker team, and the crowd, realising this, did not hesitate to praise and applaud them.

Overhead the aircraft passed continuously. Would they come back safely? We offered up a silent prayer for them.

The guns were booming in the distance, and as I looked far away across the stretch of sands, right over the waves to the far distant horizon, I wondered how many men such as these, who were enjoying an afternoon of leisure, would soon be lying on a bed of pain, or perhaps be taken into the Far Unknown. When would it be the turn of this seething mass of uniformed men to face the fire of the heavy gun?

The air was resounding with cheers—time was up; and as I heard the refrain once more, "Are we downhearted?" and looked at the enormous crowd, I wondered why we should ever be downhearted, for this was only a handful of the vast numbers we still have behind us, ready if needs be to give their lives for the noble cause of the Allies—and with all my heart I joined in the answer, "No!"

DE MAJOR

"What do I think of the past two years? Ah, *waarlyk!* What changes—Liége, Namur, Anvers, the Yser, and now England for a rest. What interests me most in Englishmen? It is that they look contented and that they always smoke. I am told that they look contented because they smoke. I have been given one of their cigarettes called Cavander's "Army Club" and *zu verstaan ik* (now I understand). It is the cigarette that makes them feel contented.

CAVANDER'S
"ARMY CLUB"
CIGARETTES
20 for 9d.
50 for 1/10½

On sale at all A. Baker and Co.'s, Bewlay's, Finlay's and Selfridge's Stores, and all other high-class Tobacconists.

Cavander's, 261, High Street, Glasgow.

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'JOHN BULL'S' GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

"DON'T BE ASHAMED TO WEAR OLD CLOTHES IN WAR TIME." —*Government Advice.*

There is no need to wear shabby clothes to save money—that is a policy of despair. There is also no need to be continually buying new clothes—that is extravagant, and is bad form in war time. The right thing to do—and the most economical—is to send your clothes periodically to be cleaned or dyed, repaired and restored, almost equal to new—at small cost.

LADIES' FROCKS and costumes should be sent to Eastman's to be dry cleaned, restored, and repaired.

SILK DRESSES and blouses dyed by Eastman's dry process are the nearest approach to new yet offered, and at one-tenth the cost.

KID GLOVES are very dear, and will be more so. Eastman's clean and repair them and put in new gussets and forceps.

CORSETS clean and repair well, and a complete restoration is made at a fraction of the cost of new.

MEN'S SUITS should be dry cleaned, pressed, and repaired. Another method is to have them steamed and pressed and the spots removed, which is cheaper.

Orders for Spring and Summer renovations should be forwarded without delay to Eastman and Sons (Dyers and Cleaners), Ltd., the London Dyers and Cleaners, Acton Vale, London, W. Branches in all residential suburbs.—ADVT.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK

ALLSOPP'S LAGER

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.

For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. Packed in handy metal case for the vest pocket. Send a P.O. for 2/6 now and receive a full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Department 33), Birmingham.

Free Sample sufficient to prove sent on receipt of postcard

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier came home on leave, full of the seeds of rheumatism. He had to take to his bed, where he lay for five weeks under the care of a doctor. In the meantime he was informed that his wife had presented him with a child. When the man was fit to leave his bed, an escort took him back to his regiment. The little home was full of distress until our fund came to the rescue.

The wife of a soldier gave yet another little hostage to those which had already blessed the union. When the wee stranger arrived, matters were at a low ebb in the house. The elder children were bootless and had but little clothing, and the mother was without the nourishment or the means of warmth, so essential on such occasions. We are obliged to the lady who brought the case to our notice, and were glad to send succour.

A man in training had to leave the Army, owing to severe illness contracted while trying to be made efficient to fight the Huns. As he went down while on home service his pay was stopped on his discharge, though he returned to his family broken and unable to do even light work. Not a halfpenny was being received by the inmates of the house, which Death had recently entered, and the condition of things was distressful in the extreme. We naturally did all that was possible.

Trouble and continued sickness were the lot of a soldier's wife, whose uninsured child died recently. There was little food in the house, and among the bills was one due to the undertaker. Fortunately, the husband wrote suggesting that she should communicate with us—which she, of course, did successfully.

A man joined the Service at the beginning of the war, and some time ago was discharged medically unfit. He died, leaving a widow and five young children with nobody to provide for them. The poor fellow's insurance policy had lapsed, and at the time of his death there was no money upon which they could fall back—but we remedied this.

The young wife of a soldier was confined to her bed for four months with a very severe chest ailment. On her convalescence the Doctor ordered her to the country, but the expenses during her illness had swallowed up more than her weekly separation allowance of 12s. 6d. As the Doctor assured us that the woman's life practically depended upon the change, we sent sufficient to meet this unexpected but urgent demand.

A man was wounded with two explosive bullets in one of the hot fights in Flanders. He was discharged from the Service, after having been patched up, with the sum of £2 9s. "in final settlement." Like so many others, he is awaiting the decision of the Chelsea Pensions Commissioners and hungering meanwhile. In this case we, of course, acted promptly.

A man engaged on remounts was thrown from his horse and died of his injuries in a few days. His widow's separation allowance was continued for the regulation time, and then stopped—the poor woman being told that she and her three children will get no pension. She was naturally distressed, and we sent her help.

A woman lost her son at the front a few months ago, and recently death claimed her husband. She is alone in the world, is not by any means young, does not enjoy good health, and has no helper. We were glad to come to her aid.

A Bluejacket, after 10 years on active service and in the reserve, spent all last winter among the icy water mountains of the North Sea, more often than not sleeping in his wet uniform. He fell a victim to rheumatism and other ailments, which necessitated his being discharged, the measure of the nation's thanks being a pension of 4s. 11d. a week. We are always glad to look after Jack, and we sent him something to supplement this paltry sum.

A paralysed ex-soldier is lying in bed, waiting for his regiment to send particulars which will enable the Paymaster to give him his back money. He had actually been short of food when our fund relieved him.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. N. L., £4 5s.; "Two Norwegian Ship-masters at Troon" (per C. I.), 5s.; J. W., 1s.; M. A. M., £1; "Subscribers to Mount Ngwibi Patriotic Fund" (per A. L. K.), £10; "Lenten Savings," 3s. 6d.; "Two Weeks' Collection, C.P.S.," (Woolwich Arsenal), 13s.; G. F. M., 6d.; W. C., 1s. 1d.; "South African Railway Guard," 5s.; "Fines Imposed for Swearing in Cookhouse" (B. E. F.), 5 francs; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; R. A. G., 5s.; Mrs. T., 2s.; Pte. A. S., 2s.; "Constant Reader," 1s.; A. G., 1s.; "A Sergeant's Wife," 6d.; H. S., 5s.; F. C., 1s.; W. R., 4d.; W. K., 1s.; "A Lenten Offering," 2s.; M. T., 2s. 2d.; J. L., 6d.; Pte. J. S., 6d.; W. P. W., 6d.; Miss M. G. (Johannesburg), 7s. 6d.; J. S., 1s.; Anon, 2s.; "South Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Etta Hughes," 12s.; M. W., 2s. 6d.; C. C. D., £1; S. E. B., 5s.; B. J. B., 5s.; T. J. M., 1s. 1d.; "Policeman," 4s.; Mrs. O., 1s.; A. L., 1s. 6d.; G. H. K., 1s. 6d.; "A Pleased Competitor," 7d.; E. F. C., 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; B. S., 1s.; "A Middlesbrough Munition Worker," 1s.; E. M., 1s.; "Bruce," 2s. 6d.; T. C. H., 5s.; "Auntie Susie," 1s.; "One Who Knows," 10s.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; F. H., 1s.; "Two Sailors' Wives," 5s.; "European Drivers, Kuala Lumpur Shed, F.M.S. Rys., 4th and 5th subscriptions," (per A. J. H.), £4 14s.; W. H. A., £1 10s.; M. E. D., 1s.; B. H. W. W., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; G. B., 2s.; A. A., 1s. 6d.; "Members of *Neptune* Dancing Club" (per F. H.), 10s.; "Collection Amazon Telegraph Co.'s Counter, Manaos," £1 15s.; "A Lover of JOHN BULL," 7s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Money, 28, Pimlico Road, 2s. 11½d.; Mr. B. Levett, "The Cobden," Berger Road, Homerton, 14s. 7d.; Mr. A. Hopkins, "Devonshire Arms," Avonmouth Street, Newington Causeway, 7s. 5d.; Mr. A. W. Hemming, Messrs. Armstrong and Co., 17, Goldhawk Road Shepherd's Bush, 2s. 7d.; Mr. J. E. Neal, "Blue Posts," Charlotte Street, 3s. 4½d.; Messrs. S. Cohen and Co., High Street, Kensington, 3s. 0½d.; Mr. B. Barney, 193, Kentish Town Road, 3s. 8d.; Mr. A. Rowe, "Cowley Arms," Addison Place, Brixton Road, 3s. 7½d.; Messrs. G. Robinson and Son, 17-21, Tachbrook Street, Pimlico, 17s. 5d.; Mr. M. Littlemore, "Atlas," Sengrave Road, Fulham, 8s.; Mr. H. Bowden, 12, Lillie Rd., Fulham, 2s. 7½d.

IPSWICH.—Mr. J. Howard, Boughtons, Photographers, Westgate, 3s. 6d.; Mr. C. J. Rattee, Albion Temperance Hotel, Carr Street, 7s. 3d.

"MORE MEN and MORE WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT"

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"EVERY MAN MUST HAVE HIS CHANCE."

The Australian Prime Minister has said many good things in very plain language, and no utterance of his will be more heartily echoed by the average citizen than his declaration in his recent Guildhall speech that:

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That is the right note. No man or woman expects privileges or favours, but all desire equal opportunity to attain success.

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It is precisely because the Pelman Institute has so clearly proved how prosperity can be surely and securely won that so many thousands of JOHN BULL readers have taken up the Pelman Course. Over 200,000 men and women, occupied in every kind of business, trade, and profession, have by its means secured better positions and bigger salaries.

Mr. Bottomley's Opinion.

The editorial columns of JOHN BULL have contained many references to the splendid work which is being accomplished by the Pelman Institute. Mr. Bottomley's high opinion of the course may be gauged from his latest comment:

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That sentence is the most emphatic endorsement of the Pelman Course which could possibly be given. The favourable opinion of the popular editor of JOHN BULL is no doubt largely accountable for the enthusiasm with which the Pelman Course of Mind and Memory Training has been taken up by soldiers at the front and sailors.

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"The Pelman Institute is of national importance, for there are few people indeed who would not find themselves mentally stronger, more efficient, and better equipped for the battle of life by a course of Pelman Training."

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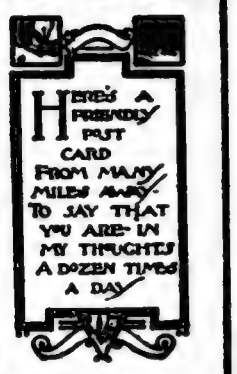

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

THE BIG PARADE.

The men of the 29th Division—a number of whom have written to us—have our sympathy. They did the work of demigods at the great landing at Gallipoli, and their services will never be forgotten. We quite agree that they should have been represented in the recent grand parade on Anzac Day, and that that great ceremony should not have been confined to Colonial troops. But the survivors of the band of heroes of the 29th Division must not take it that the people of London forget the splendid work they did.

ENGLAND'S LAST STAND.

Down at Windmill Hill, at Campton, on Salisbury Plain, are the 3/5 Gloucesters, and one of the giants of the battalion marks 4 ft. 10½ ins. in height. The other day he was asked to wield an axe weighing 14 lbs., and the poor beggar could not do it. The result was five days' second field punishment. He is compelled to carry large buckets of water and to do all the work of a 6 ft. man, and generally he appears to have been enlisted simply to supply his comrades with "cause of innocent merriment."

THE SOLDIER AND THE MAID.

Speaking generally, we agree with the rules and regulations of our hospitals and convalescent homes. At the same time, we are inclined to cavil at the treatment of the men at the hands of some of the authorities—principally ladies, who hankered after war work and took up the care of our poor Tommies' bodies and souls. The other day in Lewes, a fine convalescent Guardsman was out for a stroll and met a lady of his acquaintance. Naturally they stood and talked, but the lady Superintendent of the Home, while driving by, noticed the awful crime and severely reprimanded the man on his return. We can only congratulate the soldier on the fact that she was not in a position to award him field punishment.

KINMEL CAMP.

We want somebody to inspect Kinmel Camp, which is not in the best condition from any point of view. Food is not issued on anything like generous lines; and, if what we hear is true, God help the Derbyites! Kinmel Camp was not good enough for German prisoners, but apparently from the official point of view it is quite O.K. where British Tommies are concerned.

THE NOTTS AND DERBYS.

We have received a number of letters from Ireland asking us to "give a word of praise" to the Notts and Derby Territorials for the fine and plucky work they did during the late lamentable rising. We gladly do so. At the same time we must not withhold appreciation of the performance of duty by all ranks and all units which took part in the affair, reserving special commendation for the Lancer boys, who were trapped while convoying ammunition and were faithful to their trust during an action which lasted for nearly three days.

BLOW THE CONSEQUENCES!

We desire to call the attention of the Director-General of the Medical Service to the circumstances attending the recent death of a private in a camp near Salisbury. Perhaps when he has made the necessary inquiries he will tell us whether a sick man, no matter what his illness, should be compelled to walk from his quarters to consult the Medical Officer. In civil life it is generally the other way about. In the interests of the R.A.M.C. we smother our wrath; but if things go on as at present in many of our camps, we shall have to speak out.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

We are always delighted to answer Tommy's questions, and even to decide concerning his bets—for Tommy likes a "little flutter," and is none the worse for that. Here is a letter from one of the boys: "A few of us out here had an argument as to the probable cost of shells of various calibre, and we can come to no decision. We all stick to our own points, and as it seems like being a deadlock I have decided to ask your information. The 18-pounder shrapnel shell caused a heated argument, and prices ranged from 30s. to £30—and that included wear and tear of gun for each round fired. Could you inform me what is the price of that shell, also the cost of it including wear and tear of firing it? Also raise the curtain upon the cost of a 6-in. naval shell (high explosive) and the cost of one of *Queen Elizabeth's* 16-in. 'grandmothers,' with wear and tear of gun—just to oblige a fiery-headed Scot." Wow!

MYSELF AND YOU.

The wiseacres of the Government ask us to burn gas instead of coal, for cooking and other purposes. If they are in earnest, why do they supply nothing but coal for camp slow-combustion stoves, which are really constructed to burn coke—a by-product of the gas-works? Not one ounce of coke for the stoves has been supplied to the Ripon Camp area for the past twelve months.

OUR CRUCIFIED CRIMINALS.

A few weeks ago we commented upon the cruelty of No. 1 Field Punishment and suggested that it should be abolished. We now hear from a friend in France that the hint has been acted upon, and that crucifixion to gun-wheels is no more seen in many parts. We regret that the abolition is not general, the practice still obtaining in isolated places. It was common for the French people, when they saw a man tied up, to grit their teeth and shake their clenched fists, remarking, "This is not French treatment; it is English." We are as much down upon the deliberate evildoer as the crustiest of colonels, but we hold that when a man deserves No. 1 Field Punishment he should be kicked out of the service—not tortured in a way which savours of China and Prussia.

MISSING MEN.

We will welcome news of the following men:—

Pte. Murdock Johnson, 5177, B Co., 5th Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. A. J. Wheeler, 13396, B Co., 1st Liverpools; Pte. A. E. Norton, 9324, D Co., 6th Buffs; L.-Cpl. W. H. Wilby, 15441, B Co., 14th D.L.I.; Rfn. R. C. Hudson, 2106, C Co., 1st Rifle Bgde.; Pte. R. J. Bayliss, 19427, A Co., 5th K.S.L.I.; Pte. F. Wild, 15254, A Co., 8th Somerset L.I.; Pte. J. Forster, 2357, 3rd Batt., 1st Bgde. of Infantry, 1st Australian Division; Sgt. R. Neal Wood, 1172, B Co., 8th Lincolns; L.-Cpl. Davies, 6432, D Co., 1st R.W.F.; Pte. C. Beeston, 3034, C Co., 1-7 Batt., H.L.I.; Pte. R. Bamber, 3462, D Co., 1-8 Irish K.L.R.; Pte. H. E. Peafitt, 8744, Z Co., 2nd Hants Rgt.; Pte. J. J. Miller, 3153, D Co., 8th Royal W. Kents; Cpl. A. S. Dunning, 7245, 4th R.F.; Pte. C. A. Williams, 8353, R Co., 1st Oxford and Bucks L. Infty.; Pte. Wm. Booth, 20581, 12th Middlesex; Pte. W. H. Marchant, 14599, A Co., 2nd Royal Fusrs.; Pte. H. Neal, 12016, C Co., 8th Lincolnshires; Tpr. B. Bradlet, 9058, 23rd Bdge., R.F.A.; Pte. J. Jollowbread, 9194, Z Co., 1st Essexs; Pte. W. J. Brown, 16472, B Co., 11th Essex Regt.; Pte. A. Bemrose, 2094, 8th Platoon, 5th Lincs.; Pte. A. J. Wilkinson, 2939, 7th Platoon, 5th Lincs.; Pte. D. Smith, 3911, 4 Co., 2nd Black Watch; Pte. E. Wheat, 28219, B Co., 10th Sherwood Foresters; Pte. E. G. Scott, 13898, Machine Gun Section, 6th Cameron Hdrs.; Sgt-Major J. Fox, 8101, 8th K.O.S.B.; Rfn. H. Davis, Z 1423, A Co., 2nd Rifle Bgde.; Pte. C. Cousins, 4 Co., 3rd Coldstream Gds.; Spr. F. Nelson, 100,943, R.E. (Chatham); Pte. F. Ramsitt, 2853, B Co., 8th R.W. Kents.

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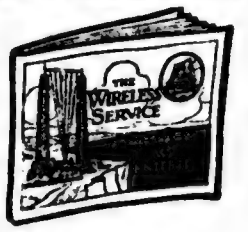

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"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous co-respondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

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LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE LONDON, W.C.

C. H. S. (Rescorven).—We have never taken any payment, directly or indirectly, in connection with Recruiting Meetings.

"VIRILE" (Tenby).—Without question, the election of a few more independent M.P.s would keep Asquith and Co. from going to sleep.

D. C. (Leicester).—"Is not the sinking of our own and neutral merchant vessels getting serious?" Certainly. So is President Wilson.

"GUNNER" (B.E.F.) says: "Thanks for your work on our behalf, but cannot you get a few men together and hang Asquith and Co.?" For some time we have been looking round for rope.

"TIM" (London).—Once more, Mr. Bottomley is not a barrister. He is a lawyer without a licence.

H. N. (Lamington).—Let's hope we shan't wait long to see that surprise in France and Belgium.

X. (Bexhill).—We agree unreservedly that the 20,000 Wimbledon voters who did not vote should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves. To have no opinions in the present state of affairs is to betray the country by sheer laziness.

A. F. (Wittersham).—Lord Wimborne, pitchforked to his high post, is not a "strong" man. Judging by his portrait, Lavater would have labelled him as a weakling, vacant-looking and insipid. He is an example of those family influences which fashion rulers out of tailors' dummies.

"LONDONER" (Fernie, B.C.).—"Throughout Canada the Home Government is a joke, and a d—— poor one at that." Glad to find Canada agrees with the Old Country.

W. H. C. (Hanwell).—We believe it is not yet true that the King has had to leave Buckingham Palace so that Sir Roger Casement might take up his residence there.

S. A. S. (W. Super-Mare) recommends us to read a book on the simple life. Will do so when we get more simple.

G. P. (Birmingham) has strong views about cocoa and Quakers, and wishes to know whether it would be illegal for him to write to Cadbury's and say what he thinks about 'em. If he confines himself strictly to shocking bad language, all will be well.

L. R. W. (Leytonstone).—You may be right in stating that there is great waste of fuel due to restaurant cars being hauled for hours, though in use for comparatively short periods, but surely the railway companies could detach the cars after meal times, as they do on the Continent?

"PRO BONO PUB." (Warrington).—Sorry you disagree with us about income-taxing co-op. profits, "and very strongly too." Still, we will try not to worry.

PRIVATE R. A. W. (Bramshott), a Canadian, thus: "I'll stay with your present sentiments till Hell freezes over." That will be until the Germhuns are all at home, we assume.

H. N. R. (Sheffield).—It all comes to this: Mr. Lloyd George now deserves well of his country.

G. J. T. (Leytonstone).—Sir Edward Carson can hardly complain if, having regard to current events, some people hold that he is not altogether blameless.

C. E. H. (Bournemouth).—We also have little doubt that Germhun goods are imported into this country *via* Switzerland.

COMMANDER R.N. (Bisley).—We have not heard that Mr. John Burns is drawing a pension. He is growing roses and keeping his mouth shut.

J. T. (Derby).—As you say, Sir W. P. Byles, M.P., has a right to his opinions. So, so. But are they worth £400 a year to the British taxpayer?

L. W. (Belfast) says *he* doesn't thank Heaven for Asquith, anyway.

C. E. W. (Ipswich).—No doubt there is a vast deal of favouritism and unfairness in the "combing out process" in respect of men of military age in Government employment. We have referred to it often.

H. J. C. (Leamington).—Rev. C. T. B. McNulty's sermon on text, "He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one"—Luke xxii., 36—excellent.

F. F. (Brough).—Central Control Board are a little teetotal party; water game it is!

H. C. (W. Hartlepool).—Cannot follow your statistics, but note your proposition that it is "self-evident the smaller the families the greater proportion of the population must be military eligibles."

"ANCIENT READER" (Hull).—As you say, plenty of the same renegade breed as Houston Stewart Chamberlain are "still knocking about."

W. T. (Minnedosa, Can.).—Easily understood. Parliament gave "conscientious objectors" the right of appeal to tribunals, only to discover that lots of objectors had no conscience.

F. S. (Rednal).—"Can the King refuse to sign a law passed by the majority in Parliament?" Yes, but——

"ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS" (Salonica Forces).—Not all British soldiers are paragons of virtue, but "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

"ANTI-GERMHUNS."—Certainly we should not convey Zeppelin murderers to Donington Hall in a first-class saloon carriage. A cattle truck ought to be good enough.

R. R. (Morriston).—Affairs of the Llangyfiach vestry do not thrill us.

E. N. (Wimbledon).—Have heard the rumour that several members of the Cabinet have money invested in Germhuny, and that this accounts for their apathy. Rumour, however, is often a lying jade.

T. W. (Hythe) tells us that transport ships have been lying idle since the war started "and still drawing their pay." Perchance the idea is to cultivate barnacles.

H. G. T. (Scotstoun).—Portia liked the "young Germhun" "very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst he is little better than a beast."

J. F. W. (Cheshire).—Unfortunately, the name of the Liverpool firm who expressed their appreciation of the "loyalty" of their unattesting employees by raising their salaries is not revealed.

"MARRIED MAN" (Hull).—"Do you know we have a naturalised Germhun's son in our market (single man) supplying some of our principal pork butchers with pigs?" Hadn't heard so much as a pig's whisper.

T. P. (Leigh) sends us a drawing of Mr. Asquith asleep in a chair, with the reference beneath "Prov. vi., 6, 9, 10 and 11." Perhaps when the right hon. gent. awakes he will look it up.

R. C. M. (Bristol) tells us that although sporting cartridges can be bought at any ironmonger's, slaughterers of horses and cattle cannot procure cartridges for their humane-killer gun. Then somebody ought to be pole-axed.

M. P. (New Brighton).—"Sir Matthew Nathan, Under Secretary for Ireland, has been the real administrator of that island since 1913." You think this throws a light on the rebellion. It certainly casts a shadow on Sir Matthew, who, however, has now retired from the limelight.

O. B. K. (Nukualofa, Tonga).—The journal of your branch of the League of Britons Overseas is a capital production, and does Tonga credit. More creditable still is the fact that Tonga has just sent off another contingent of fighting men, and that "there is hardly a man left who might be considered eligible." Splendid, indeed!

T. McC. (Govan).—You do not believe that many shipyard workers on the Clyde earn £500 a year. If you could get such a wage you would gladly give a third of it to patriotic relief funds. Well, we hope you may get it.

A. K. (Aylesbury).—"With the exception of Sir E. C., Lord M—r, Lord N—cl—, and the hirelings of the Drink Trade, the answer is No." And now we are wondering what the deuce the question was.

"ATH-BOY" (Wigan). In Dublin, some time ago, you were ushered into the charmed circle, where you heard things. It was a case of mistaken identity, you think. Evidently you have a double in Dublin.

"CONSTANT READER" (Brighton).—Good luck to the magistrate who dismissed the charge of begging against William Johnson, an old soldier who marched with Roberts to Kandahar and had lost his only son at Loos.

R. A. D. (Broxwood).—One of these days this deponent will be telling you to go away and throw stones at yourself. Should not your address be Earlswood?

"CONSTANT READER" (Alderney).—A transport worker who has been "signing for war bonus every month for six months" certainly ought to get it.

ANOTHER "CONSTANT READER" (Glasgow) has a boy who has "left wireless and gone on signals," and he wants to know which is the better job. The boy should know, as he is on the job; we don't.

E. H. (Putney).—A Will, although written in the testator's own handwriting, requires attesting by two witnesses, otherwise it will be void and of no effect.

W. J. M. (Manchester).—There are many objections to publishing such a narrative at second-hand.

Try "Picture Puzzle Postcards" in "Everywoman's."

"ANZAC JOE," "EVACUATION JACK," "MAORI TED" AND OTHERS (Somewhere in France).—"Smiler" sends you a big grip of his fist. It's not his fault he's not with you. The last time he tried to get to you he was arrayed as a missionary with a bundle of "tracts." They promised him three years picking oakum if they caught him again, and he doesn't hanker after that kind of fruit—he prefers hops.

"RECTOR."—You are very strong in the ink-pot.

SERGEANT KERR (attached R.A.M.C. Enteric Convalescent Depot, Woldingham, Surrey) is promoting a dramatic entertainment to amuse the invalid boys, "all of whom have done their bit in Gallipoli or France," and will be "grateful for any make-up, grease paint, wigs, etc.," for the purpose.

FRED MORGAN GILDER (late 59, Ormiston Road, Shepherd's Bush, W., and Doré Gallery) is asked to write to his mother. Address as usual.

F. F. S. (Tyrone).—Noted that the Presbyterian Church in Fitzroy Avenue advertise for a sexton and his wife, "no family." Perhaps there is no room in the house for a crowd.

"SOCIALIST ADMIRER" (Stockport) asks us to remember sometimes that even Socialists have feelings and are not "all to be tarred with the same brush." Nor, for that matter, brushed with the same fur.

F. S. (Coventry) had several complaints of the Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate, Station Parade, Queen's Road, Peckham, receiving money and refraining from sending goods. It is time they improved their business methods.

"SCOTLAND."—You will be quite safe in doing business with Farrow's Bank.

W. J. C. (Forest Gate).—Quakers have always been conscientious objectors as to bearing arms, but have always benefited by armaments. Think of the horrible state of the cocoa works if we had neither ships nor Army to defend it against the Germhuns!

"ANZAC" (B.E.F.).—Don't grouse at your countrymen in England. They are as keen as mustard to "come over and help" you, but they must obey orders.

"WATCHMAN" (Bethnal Green).—Yes, we saw the advertisement of the Council inviting application for the position of Borough Accountant of St. Ives, Cornwall, at £60 per annum. We took "Borough Accountant" to be a printer's error for "Office Boy."

J. B. (Liverpool).—Don't know if or why the sons of Sir Charles Petrie and Alderman Salvidge are "employed in Liverpool munitions works."

"AUSTRALIAN" (Howard Gardens Hospital, Cardiff).—You do not send your name, otherwise we should have been glad to forward the cutting upon which our paragraph, "Shropshires in Sydney" was based. It was from a February issue of the *Sydney Sun*. Are glad to hear that you and other wounded Australians have received such good treatment at the hands of the British Government.

F. J. M. (Twickenham).—When Harrow School refused to re-admit a German boy to his studies on the Hill, the shade of the School's founder, old Lyon, must have rejoiced in spirit.

F. E. O. (Salsomaggiore).—So Salso has been in Teuton hands, from postcards to medicines, but the Casa di Cura is now directed by a Briton and nursed by an Irishwoman. Greetings to Salso on getting out of the—mud!

R. G. (Manchester) AND OTHERS.—It seems that a vessel broadside-on is not the best target, unless the range is very short. A naval gunner says it is easier to hit a ship which is dead end-on, that being a straight shot. A scientist comes to the same conclusion, proving by diagram that a vessel so placed occupies the larger area in the zone of fire. We bow to our betters.

J. G. (Dornock).—"For heaven's sake, stop Hales!" It would be a stiff job for anybody. And why should we, when you say he is "beautiful and intensely human"?

R. G. N. (Motherwell).—"Dear John: The pen came safe to hand, A full six months ago; And never once since then, I vow, Has that pen ceased to flow." But when one of our pens takes to poetry, it is time for it to stop.

C. H. (B.E.F.).—*The Gasper*, an unofficial organ issued by certain gallant and Royal Fusiliers, goes gaily along. And we note that Tommy mixes some chunks of solid sense with his frivols.

H. W. (Plumstead).—If the street lamps in the City of London are still alight at 9.45 a.m. it looks as though the glimdousers oversleep themselves. Or else they are trying daylight saving by gas wasting.

B. C. (Can. Exp. Force).—You are right in the main, but you will recognise that the proceedings against people who entertained sick Australians with gambling and drinks in a cellar were taken largely in the interests of the Australians.

C. A. D. (Herne Hill).—Candle-holders and brackets for fixing instantly upon a wall are ingenious and useful, and certainly preferable to Germhun lanterns difficult to light, which are a burning shame when they are lighted.

C. D. (Leicester).—We note that the objectionable advertisements in your local paper, addressed "To Ladies," have toned down since our reference to them. Your graver statement, if it can be supported by proof, should be laid before the Chief Constable.

"A PATRIOTIC PERSON." — The young man should have been allowed a few weeks to settle his business affairs. He called himself a grocer's solicitor, meaning a canvasser for orders. People smiled, but it was not a malicious smile.

W. H. A. (Weaste).—Thanks for letter. Congratulate you on having gradually climbed the ladder of success and at last secured a second prize of £100 in our "Bullets" Competition.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for May 6th, 1916 bearing on the Covers the Numbers 007,846 and A316,648. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

Once again the 2,000 Guineas ended in the defeat of all the favourites. Clarissimus, the winner, is a very nice colt, but I shall expect to see Kwang Su beat him when the New Derby is decided. In tipping you Fifinella for the fillies' race, with Canyon the danger, I was not far wrong, though in the end, I should say, the latter beat the favourite comparatively easily. I don't think all was quite well with Fifinella, and I shall expect her to make a very different showing the next time she runs.

The venue is Windsor this week-end, and there, on Friday, the best thing appears to be GLASEBURY for the Holyport Selling Handicap. I must give BOSKET another chance in the Three-Year-Old Handicap, and MILLBRIC looks rather a good thing for the Speedy T.-Y.-O. Plate. On Saturday I like CHEROKEE for the Saxby Hall T.-Y.-O. Stakes, VOLDY for the Winchester Handicap, and SILVER TAG for the Paddock Plate.

My "SPECIAL" will be published on Thursday, and will contain revised selections for the meeting, based on later information. It may be obtained at any bookstalls or newsagents, but to make sure of securing a copy an order, accompanied by a 6d. postal order, should be sent to the publishers, Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 31.

Four readers sent coupons showing only three errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £25:—

J. L. FORROW, 397, High Rd., Wood Green.
G. KING, near the Brewery, West Bergholt.
A. V. FRENCH, 59, Nelgarde Road, Catford.
H. HOWLETT, Bridge Farm, Bunwell, near Attleboro'.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOHN KEY, 3, Stott Lane, Eccles Old Road, Pendleton, Manchester. April 22. 190,091.

GEORGE P[illegible]SON, 6, Broomfield Lane, Hale, April 22. 615,794.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of May 6th:—

015,689	267,943	588,615	863,425	A105,287
030,300	289,503	634,892	886,196	A133,571
061,007	307,788	665,374	901,532	A156,596
117,678	356,247	671,986	935,479	A193,798
139,411	392,510	714,556	951,600	A248,003
148,593	431,473	732,911	972,738	A277,325
176,274	472,954	756,725	994,167	A304,142
193,964	523,204	779,840	A023,742	A337,990
232,271	539,867	792,905	A058,330	A369,444
258,964	564,874	824,680	A081,691	A385,736

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published May 17th).

WHAT OUR READERS SAY.

Bath.
The Pens are first-class and come in very useful as presents. The one I write with I have had in use two years, and is better than ever. I am always recommending them to my friends S. R. T.

Athlone.
I received Pen and I need hardly say how delighted I am with it. I consider its value three times over for the money. J. H.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. May 13, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

"BULLETS"—3 BIG PREMIERS WEEKLY!

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(189) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 189, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(189) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 190.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach those offices on or before THURSDAY, MAY 25th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **190** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 190, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 190.

BRITISH AVIATORS	WAITING MAID	THE GLAD EYE	A NASTY SHOCK
IN THE RANKS	CALLING ON FATHER	MY LANDLORD	LOOKS SIMPLE
LEADING ACTOR	WON'T WAIT	TREATING HIS COMPLAINT	AFTER THE MEN
PLAYING WITH FIRE	MOST DELIGHTFUL WHEN	MAKES WIFE ANGRY	WANTED
SIR ROGER CASEMENT	LUCKY CHAP	DUTCH COURAGE	HAUNTS THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 189.

DAYLIGHT SAVING
WHAT COMPULSION MEANS
CAUGHT IN THE ACT
THE SINN FEINERS
SHOOTING RUBBISH
BUSINESS GOVERNMENT
UP ALL NIGHT
TELLING TALES
OF NO MILITARY IMPORTANCE
MIXED BLESSING
WHEN TOMMY PROPOSES
HAVING HIS WHACK
WHAT THE KAISER THINKS
THE NEW MAID
A HOLY TERROR
GOING TOO FAR
GETTING RIGHT HOME
THE OFFICE CLOCK
IDLE BOAST
CAUSES EMBARRASSMENT
BIG BILL
WAKING THE BABY
LOST CHARACTER
ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT
SHINING LIGHT
AFTER DINNER SPEECH
SAYING NOTHING
TROUBLE BREWING
IF I WERE A WOMAN
MY DREAM

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
SAYING NOTHING.
Bullet:—
OFTEN THE BEST POLICY.

Example:—
CAUSES EMBARRASSMENT.
Bullet:—
SHORTNESS OF CASH.

Example:—
LOST CHARACTER.
Bullet:—
SELDOM REGAINED.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 3rd.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated May 13th.

RESULT OF 186TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £200 :—

Mrs. F. M. V. TURNER,
5, Burchett Grove, Leeds.

Example :—ZEPPELIN RAIDERS.
Bullet :—WE "REPAIR" BELOW.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. C. WEBB,
131, Leighton Road,
West Ealing, London, W.

Example :—OUR CURATE.
Bullet :—CONSIDERS HIS "SERVICES" INDISPENSABLE.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mrs. SIMMERMANS (1542), R.M.L.I., H. Coy., Forton Barracks, Gosport :
THE KAISER'S MISTAKE—GERMANY "WON'T HEAR OF."
Mr. C. BAILEY, 9, Denmark Road, Camberwell, London :
PAYING TAXES—SALARY "DRAWN" AND "QUARTERED."
(Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. W. WARD, 37, Barrett Road, Walthamstow, London :
PAYING TAXES—"FINDING" IT MORE DIFFICULT.
Mr. ARTHUR G. MARLAND, Ivydene, 298, Bolton Road, Farnworth, Bolton :
DEAR TRAVELLING—ON GOVERNMENT "LINES."
Mr. C. HILL, 152, Upper High St., Lye, nr. Stourbridge :
ZEPPELIN RAIDERS—DROP BOMBS ON "SPECK."
Mr. M. STARPLES, 6, Lathom Grove, Seaforth, near Liverpool :
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY—BE "SEATED" SIR!
Mrs. V. FRISBY, 2, Beardall Street, Mansfield, Notts :
GETTING ON WELL—GARDEN—IF CATS TAXED.
Mr. E. PADLEY, 67, New Street, Chipping Norton, Oxford :
PAYING TAXES—TEETOTALERS CAN'T "ABSTAIN" NOW.
Miss MABEL CHEALE, 8, Market Street, Lewes, Sussex :
MAKING A HASH—THEN MINISTER GETS PEERAGE.
Mr. E. TAIT, 63, Queen's Road, Farnborough, Hants :
PAYING TAXES—MEANS "RETURNING" YOUR INCOME.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :—

Mrs. LONGLEY, 787, New Hey Rd., Outlane, Huddersfield :
OUR CURATE—"COLLARED" FOR HOME SERVICE.
Mr. H. W. STANLEY, 25, Elgin Park, Bristol :
FINDING FAULT—TAKES WAR EXPERT YEARS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. GEO. S. PARKE, Crumpsall Ctge., Mill St., Doncaster :
WHAT TOMMY WANTS—"SERVICE" UNACCOMPANIED BY "SERMON."
Mr. WM. DREWERY, 13, Curzon Street, Gainsborough :
LEARNING TO COOK—THEN TIN-OPENER OVERWORKED.
Mr. G. W. SAWDON, Whipps Cross Pharmacy, Walthamstow :
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY—HAS A "PHILOSOPHER'S TONE."
Mr. D. PIERSON, 34, Leases Pk. Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne :
FORTUNES OF WAR—FOUNDATIONS FOR NEW PEERS.
Mr. A. MCDERMOTT, 86, Frithville Gardens, Uxbridge Road, W. :
FORTUNES OF WAR—NEVER FAVOUR CINEMA INDIANS.
Mr. J. POWERS, Westfield, Park Road, Marlboro' Lines, Aldershot Camp :
ENGAGING YOUNG LADY—APPRECIATES LEFT-HANDED "COMPLEMENT."
Mr. J. PEARSON, 29, Brook St., Moldgreen, Huddersfield :
THE KAISER'S MISTAKE—THINKING "JACK JOHNSONS" UNBEATABLE.
Miss A. WALLACE, 28, Wolverton Grds., Brook Green, W. :
A BAD BARGAIN—IF MATRIMONIAL—SOON "STRUCK."

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(189). P.O. No.—

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 189," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, May 18th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(189) P.O. No.—

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

May 13, 1916. .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(*Strike out one of these.*)
May 13, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

To the gent we often meet
In the cosy corner seat
Every morning on the "nine forty-three";
Let us hope we don't offend
When we politely recommend
Our "Chairman Juniors" blend
For First-Class Company.

If you will just analyse your reasons for liking a particular cigarette you will find that it has at least these properties—coolness, a definite and pleasing flavour, and an attractive aroma. Because of these recognisable and positive qualities Chairman Juniors will suit you, as they possess them to a very pleasing extent. And also they neither burn the tongue nor irritate the throat, as they are really good—they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold by tobacconists everywhere at

3d. for 10.

There are no pictures or coupons with Chairman Juniors, all the value being in the cigarettes . . . . They are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2598.